

*Hydrion*



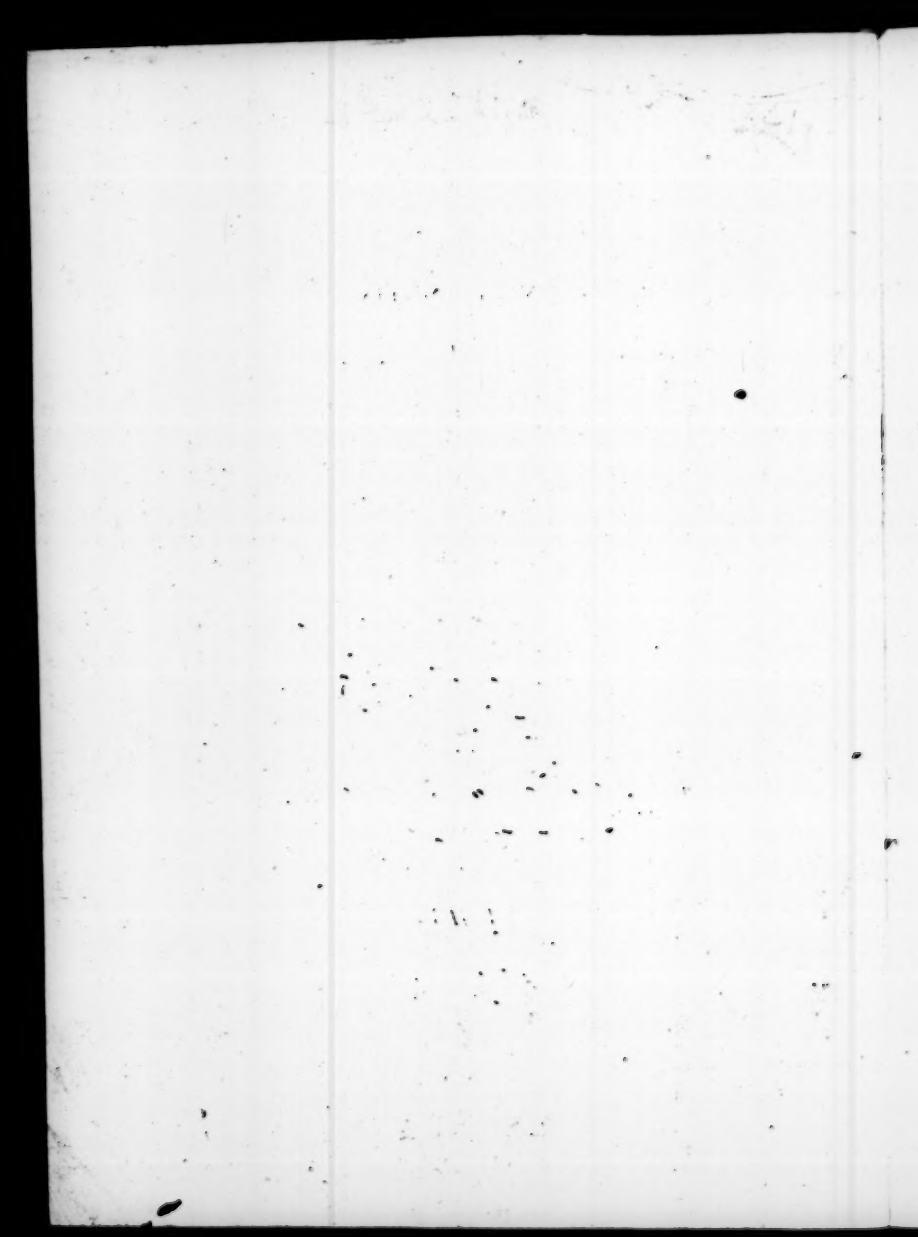
LEOLINE & SYDANIS



An  
Heroick Romance of the Ad-  
ventures of Amorous Princes  
Together  
With sundry affectionate addresses  
to his M<sup>ty</sup> under the name of  
CYNTHIA  
By  
S<sup>r</sup> F. K. Kn<sup>t</sup>.



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D. D. Graues fecit





LEOLINE  
AND  
SYDANIS.

A  
ROMANCE OF  
THE AMOROUS  
Adventures of PRINCES.

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His Mistresse, under the Name  
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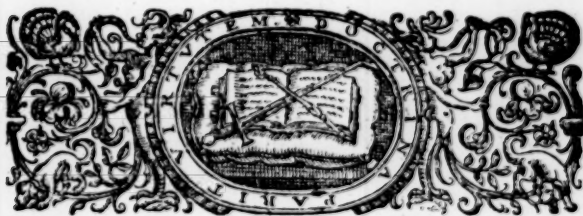
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Written by Sir *Fr. Kinnaston*, Knight, Late one of  
the Squires of the Body to His MAJESTY.

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LONDON,  
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To the READER.



*N* Epistle before a Booke is as ordinary as a Busb before a Taverne, and as unnecessary if either the Wine or the Booke be good : The Author would have written a Dedicatory if he had knowne to whom ; For the candid intelligent Buyer, or Reader of his Booke there needs no complement : To the ignorant, or malcontent he cannot descend so low as to use any. He therefore instead of an Epistle prefixes an Apologie for the Buyers of his Book, and not the Readers of Freecost : First, for that he having by him many pieces of reall and solid learning ready written for the Presse, he exposes this toy and trifle to the worlds view and censure : Next, that he being old and stricken in yeares, doth write of love

## To the Reader.

and such idle devices; for the first, he observes that Ballads, and twelve penny Pamphlets, are a more currant commodity than Books of a greater bulk and better note, and like light French stufes, are sooner bought than cloth of Gold or Tissue, which is not for every ones wearing: For the second, he considering that many elder men then he, doe weare love-lockes and Fancies, he eniring into his second, and worst childehood may of course be excused, if as in his first he was taken with Hobby-horses, Rattles, and Babies: So like old men, who doe but Clarius ineptire, he dote upon women and beauties, and such things, of which they can commonly make little or no use: It is very true, that a Ladies beauty with whom he was scarcely acquainted, begot these lighter Fancies in his head, with whom if he had been really in love, perhaps he would have written more and better lines; It may be said of him, that Agnoscit veteris vestigia flammę, but those fires are now rak'd up in Embers, his Couure feu Bell being already rung: since he that writ these lines could have writ worse, these perhaps may please some curteous favourable judgements, to whom only he presents and recommends them.



LEOLINE  
AND  
SYDANIS.

A Romance of the  
AMOROUS ADVENTURES  
OF PRINCES.

**F**ortunes of Kings, enamour'd Princes loves,  
Who erst from Royal Ancestors did spring,  
Is the high subject that incites and moves  
My lowly voice in lofty Notes to sing  
Of *Leoline* son to a mighty King;  
And of a Princess, *Sydanis* the faire,  
Who were the worlds incomparable paire.

2.

You learned Sisters of the Thespian well,  
 That sweetly sing to yong *Apollo's* lyre,  
 That on *Parnassus* forked top do dwell,  
 And Poets, with Prophetick rage inspire ;  
 Accept my humble Muse into your Quire,  
 My labouring breast with noble raptures fill,  
 And on my Lines *Castalian* drops distill.

3.

Your aide I need in this great enterprife,  
 Be you my guides, and give direction,  
 For all too weake are my abilities  
 To bring this Poeme to perfection ;  
 Let each Muse of her part then make election,  
 And while of Love *Cliso* sings lowd and cleare,  
*Melpomene* the tragick Base must beare.

4.

And be not absent thou all puissant love,  
 Thy favour I implore above the rest,  
 Thou wilt my best Enthousiasmes prove,  
 If with thy flames thou warme my trembling breast ;  
 And though among thy servants I am least,  
 Yet thy high raptures may sublime my fame,  
 And blow my spark up to a glorious flame.

5.

For without thee impossible it is,  
 Of Lovers joyes, or passions to endire :  
 He needs of seats of Armes must speak amisse,  
 That ne're saw battell, nor knew how to fight ;  
 Then how may I of Lovers say aright,  
 Or feelingly discourse of them, unlesse  
 My selfe had knowne some joy, and some distresse.

Therefore

6.

Therefore since I for each true lovers sake,  
And for the advancement of true loves affaires,  
Am ready prest this task to undertake;  
Assist me all Loves servants with your prayers,  
That neither cold old age, with snowy haire  
May coole or quench that pure ætheriall fire,  
With which youths heat did once my soul inspire.

7.

And since for every purpose under Sun,  
There is a time and opportunity,  
Pray that this work of mine may be begun  
When as there be aspects of unity  
'Twixt *Mars* and *Venus*, and a cleare immunity  
From frosty *Saturnes* dismall dire aspect,  
And every Planet in his course direct.

8.

When *Mercury*, Lord of the houre and day,  
Shall in his house diurnall potent be  
Not slow, nor yet combust: Then also pray  
He may be in a fortunate degree,  
And in no dark void Azimen, that he,  
Conjoyn'd with *Sol*, in the tenth house, may thence  
Infuse invention, wit and eloquence.

9.

That so each love-sick heart, and amorous minde,  
That shall this Romance reade, remarking it,  
May remedy, or some such passage finde  
As him, or her in the right vaine may hit.  
And now having thus pray'd, I think it fit,  
That you no longer should the story misse,  
Of *Leoline* and beauteous *Sydanis*.

10.

Before proud Romes victorious Legions knew  
 The Brittaines, by blew Neptunes arme divided  
 From the whole world, before they did subdue  
 The Island Albion, when as Consuls guided  
 Their Common-wealth, by whom it was decided  
 What tribute was impos'd on every State,  
 Tradition and old Annals thus relate.

11.

On the Virgivian Oceans foaming shore,  
 Downe at the Mountain Snowdons rocky foot,  
 Whose Cloud-bound head with mists is ever hore,  
 So high, the sight can scarcely reach unto'r,  
 Against whose brows the forked lightning shoot :  
 A stately Castle stood, whilome the seat  
 Of th'old Brittaines King, *Arvon* the great.

12.

This King upon *Beumaris* his faire Queen  
 Begot a Prince, whose name was *Leoline*,  
 In whom so many gracefull parts were seen,  
 As if the heavens and nature did combine,  
 To make a face and personage divine,  
 For *love* and *Venus* I imagine were  
 Conjoynd in his Horoscope Yfere.

13.

By whose benigne and powerfull influence,  
 Which governes our affections here below,  
 And in Loves actions hath preheminance,  
 Prince *Leoline* incited was to goe  
 (His Fortune and the gods would have it so)  
 To a faire City, in those daies much fam'd,  
 Which from Duke *Leon*, *Carleon* was nam'd.



14.

This City was not only celebrated  
For Riches brought by Sea from all the West,  
But for a Temple (as shall be related)  
To *Venus*, unto whom a solemne feast  
Was yearly made, to which the worthiest best  
Of Knights and Ladies came, and who did come,  
If not before, from it went Lovers home.

15.

And so unto this Prince it did befall,  
Who viewing of those Ladies did repaire  
As Votaries to this great Festivall;  
He was aware of *Sydanis* the faire,  
Duke *Leons* only daughter, and his heire,  
Who offering Sacrifice at *Venus* Shrine,  
Did seem the goddesse to Prince *Leoline*.

16.

More lovely faire she was than can be told,  
So glorious and resplendent her array,  
Her tresses flow'd like waves of liquid Gold,  
Burnisht by rising *Titans* morning ray,  
From her eyes broke the early dawning day:  
A corall portall plac'd above her Chin,  
Inclos'd a bed of orient pearle within.

17.

A Carquet her neck incircled round  
Of ballast Rubies, cut in forme of hearts,  
Which were with true-love knots together bound,  
Of Gold enamel'd, pierc't with *Cupids* darts,  
From which, small pendants by the workmans arts  
Were made, which on her naked skin did show  
Like drops of bloud new fallen upon the Snow.

B 3

More

18.

More of her beauties will I not relate,  
 Of which the young Prince was enamored,  
 It was the gods decree, and will of Fate,  
 Prince *Leoline* faire *Sydanus* should wed,  
 And both be joynd in one nuptiall bed:  
 Nor speak I of their marriage royalties,  
 Which were as great as mans wit could devise.

19.

The Tiltings, Jufts, and Tournaments by day,  
 The Masques and Revels on the wedding night,  
 The songs to which prophetick Bards did play,  
 With many other objects of delight,  
 (All which this History embellish might,)  
 I will omit, since each where of that kinde,  
 You may in Books frequent descriptions finde.

20.

For in this match the Fates seem'd to portend  
 Millions of joyes, Myriads of happy houres,  
 That on their heads and beds there might descend  
 All blessings that come downe from heavenly powers,  
 No Star malignant on their nuptialls lowers,  
 For *Hymen* all his Virgin Torches lighted,  
 When first these Princely lovers troths were plighted.

21.

But O false world! O wretched state unstable  
 Of mortall men! O fraile condition!  
 O blisse more vain then any dream, or fable!  
 O brittle joy, even lost in the fruition!  
 O doubtfull truth! O certain true suspition!  
 O bitter sweetest love, that let'st us know,  
 That first or last thou never wantest woe!

22.

For if there be no lets in the obtaining  
Of a mans honor'd Mistresse, and her love,  
Yet still there are crosses enough remaining,  
Which neither force, nor foresight can remove,  
That to his joyes a sad allay will prove,  
And make him know it is a truth confest,  
That no one thing on every side is blest.

23.

But to the matter shortly now to goe,  
That day the Prince did wed his beauteous Bride,  
As then the custome was, he did bestow  
Rich Scarfes, and Points, and many things beside,  
Which in fine curious knots were knit and tyde;  
And as his Royall Favours, worne by those,  
Whom he to grace his Princely nuptials chose.

24.

Favours are oft unhappily, by chance  
Bestow'd : For 'mongst those Courtiers that did weare  
The Princes Points, a Marquesse was of France,  
Who for some heinous fact he had done there,  
Hang'd in effigie, fled from France for feare,  
And so for refuge to Carleon came,  
*Monsieur Marquis Jean Foutre* was his name.

25.

Who though he had a Farinee face,  
Thereto a Bedstasse Leg, and a splay Foot,  
By angry nature made in mans disgrace,  
Which no long slop, nor any ruffled boot  
Could mend, or hide, for why, they could not do't,  
Though his mouth were a wide world without end,  
His shape so ugly, as no art could mend.

Although

26.

Although his weatherwise Autumnall joynts,  
 As if they wanted Natures Ligaments,  
 Did hang together, as if tyde by Points,  
 Though most deformed were his Lineaments;  
 Yet fowler was his minde, and base intents,  
 His matchlesse impudence, which appear'd in this,  
 That he made love to beauteous *Sydanis*.

27.

So by the Canker-worme the fragrant Rose  
 Is tainted: So the serene wholsome aire  
 By black contagion, pestilentiall growes,  
 As she by this base wretch, who thought to impaire  
 The Chastity of one so matchlesse faire;  
 But his fowle base intents being once detected,  
 Were with all scorne, and just disdain rejected.

28.

In dire revenge thereof, that day the bands  
 Were made between Prince *Leoline* and his Bride;  
 As the Arch-flamen joyned had their hands,  
 And made them one, which no man ought divide,  
 Upon the Princes Point this Caitiffe tyde  
 A Magick knot, and muttered a Spell,  
 Which had an energetick force from hell.

29.

For by it was he maleficated,  
 And quite depriv'd of all ability  
 To use a woman, as shall be related,  
 For Nature felt an imbecillity,  
 Extinguishing in him virillity:  
 The sad events whereof to set before yee,  
 Is as the dire Præludium to our Storie.

Now

30.

Now at that instant the Prince felt no change,  
When as the charme was spoke, nor alteration  
Within his minde or body ; for so strange  
Was the effect of the said Incantation,  
As that it wrought in him no perturbation.  
But woo is me : the damned hellish spite  
Was first discern'd upon the wedding night.

31.

For then this princely couple being layd  
Together in their Hymenæall bed,  
And prayers to all the nuptiall gods being sayd,  
To *Domiduca*, that her home had led :  
To *Virginalis*, that her maidenhead  
Might without paine be lost, and suddenly,  
To *Subiga*, that she might quiet lie.

32.

And lastly, That *Partunda* by her power  
The Princeesse would endue with fruitfulnessse,  
That she would still make fortunate the houre  
Of her conception, and her labor bleffe,  
Preventing all abortion, barrennessse.  
And now, all these Devotions being said,  
The Bride no longer was to be a Maid.

33.

But though the Prince enjoy'd all sweets of sence,  
Her rosie lips, which with sweet dew did melt,  
And suckt her breath, sweet as their quintessence,  
Which like to Aromaticke Incense smelt,  
Though he her dainty virgin beauties felt,  
Embracing of soft Ivory and warme snow,  
Arriv'd at her Hesperides below:

C

Though

34.

Though *Venus* in Loves wars hath domination,  
 Sworne enemy to every Maidenhead,  
 And Soveraigne of the acts of generation,  
 Whose skirmishes are fought in the field bed,  
 Although her sonne a troupe of *Cupids* led;  
 Yet thus much had the dismall charme effected,  
 As *Venus* standard might not be erected.

35.

For when no dalliance nor provocation  
 That weake opiniator part could raise;  
 Which Fancy and a strong imagination,  
 Rather than a mans will or reason swayes,  
 Which Rebell-like it ever disobeyes;  
 The Princes heart with shame and rage was fill'd,  
 That willingly himselfe he could have kill'd.

36.

For on a sudden he left off to embrace  
 And kisse his lovely, and yet maiden bride;  
 And with a sigh he turn'd away his face  
 From her, and lying on the other side,  
 Under the sheet his face did estfoones hide.  
 At which the princely Lady much dismay'd,  
 After a while, with teares thus to him said:

37.

Deare Lord, if that a Maid, whose innocence  
 Is such and so great, as she doth not know  
 How to commit a fault, or give offence  
 Towards you, to whom her best love she doth owe;  
 Nor yet the cause why you are alter'd so,  
 That on the sudden thus you doe reſtraine  
 Your favors, turning love into disdain.

38.

You made me to believe, when you did wooe,  
That I was faire, and had some lovelinesse:  
But ah, my beauties were too meane for you,  
Or your esteem of them, I must confesse;  
Yet in a moment they could not grow lesse.  
But woe is me, for now I plainly see,  
That the world and my glasse have flatter'd me.

39.

For with the pleasures that you have enjoy'd,  
As the chaste pledges of my nuptiall bed,  
Your appetite had not so soon been cloy'd,  
Nor you on them so soon had surfeited,  
Which have (it seemes) a loathing in you bred:  
By which I finde, that humane fond desire  
Is like the lightning, at once cloud and fire.

40.

I cannot think, but that I doe molest  
Your Highnesse, who are us'd to lie alone,  
I must not be the cause of your unrest,  
And therefore crave your leave I may be gone,  
And leave the bed wholly to be your owne:  
Only vouchsafe this ease unto my sorrow,  
That I may sit by you, untill to morrow.

41.

For I will watch, and to the gods will pray,  
And to your Angel tutelar, to keep  
Your person, and from you to drive away  
All thoughts, and dreames of me, when as you sleep.  
And with that word she bitterly did weep:  
Who, as she was arising from his side,  
Holding her downe, thus *Leoline* reply'de.

C 2

Most

42.

Most divine Princely Sweetnesse, do not wast  
 That pretious odoriferous breath of yours  
 In vaine, nor fruitlesly away it cast,  
 Whose sent excells all essences of floures :  
 For could you sinne against the heavenly powers,  
 Or could you doe a thing that might displease them,  
 The incense of your breath would soone appease them.

43.

O be not of a breath then so profuse,  
 Can purifie the aire from all infection :  
 Nor yet prophane it so, as to accuse  
 Your selfe, of all rare beauties the perfection ;  
 Of whom the gods themselves have made election,  
 To print their formes on, to let mortalls see,  
 What their Angell-like shapcs and beauties bee.

44.

Yet dearest Lady do not thinke it strange,  
 That though you are a Paradise of blisse,  
 You are the cause of this my sudden change ;  
 For why, some god of you enamour'd is,  
 And makes of me a Metamorphosis:  
 For ventring to enjoy what is his owne,  
 I finde my selfe already turning stone.

45.

Or you a goddesse are, whose Deity  
 'Till now I knew not ; as *Diana* chaste,  
 Whose sacred heavenly sweets, without impiety,  
 By no man can be wantonly embrac't ;  
 And therefore a just punishment is cast  
 On my presumption, which was so much more,  
 To touch you, whom I rather should adore.

And



46.

And therefore by your bed, as by a Shrine,  
He kneele, as penitent for my offence,  
In my affecting of a thing Divine,  
Since you an object are, whose excellence  
Is so exalted above humane sense,  
As like the Sun, it rather doth destroy  
Sensation; than permit me to enjoy.

47.

Which though I doe not, yet you still shall finde,  
There is no want of love in me, no more  
Than want of beauty in your heavenly minde,  
Which I religiously shall still adore:  
And though I as a husband lov'd before,  
I'll turn Platonick lover, and admire  
Your vertues height, to which none can aspire.

48.

With sighes, and such like words, these Princes spent  
The wearisome and tedious night away;  
Prince *Leoline* by this his complement,  
T'excuse his want of Manhood did assay:  
Thus sorrowing one by the other lay,  
Till *Lucifer* the morning did disclose,  
Which when they saw, they from their bed arose,

49.

And drest themselves before that any one  
Knew of it, or their rising was descry'de.  
Away went *Leoline*, and left alone  
The comfortlesse, and lovely maiden Bride:  
Now towards the houre of eight it did betide,  
An ancient Matron to their Chamber came,  
The Ladies Nurse, *Merioneth* was her name.

50.

Who for the Bridegroom had a Cullis brought,  
 And of sweet richest Candian wine a quart,  
 To cheere his spirits up: for why, she thought  
 Prince *Leoline* might over-act his part,  
 In too much using *Cupids* wanton dart;  
 But seeing the bleare eyes of *Sydanis*,  
 Her heart misgave her, something was amiss.

51.

And by the Princessse, as she trembling stands,  
 Madam, quoth she, what causes your unrest,  
 That you sit weeping thus, wringing your hands?  
 Doth *Hymen* thus begin your marriage feast?  
 Is this the love your Bridegroom hath exprest?  
 To rise so early, leaving you alone,  
 With teares and sighes his absence to bemoane.

52.

Hereat the Princessse rainging from her eyes,  
 A showre of orient Pearle, richer than Gold  
*Iove* powr'd on *Danaë*, to her thus replies,  
 Deare Nurse (quoth she) my grieve cannot be told,  
 Words are too weak my sorrows to unfold;  
 Nor doe I know a reason that might move  
 My Lord to leave me, unlesse want of love.

53.

Our feast of love (if any) was soon done;  
 So soon all worldly joyes away doe fleet,  
 Which oft are ended as soon as begun;  
 Each earthly pleasure being a bitter sweet.  
 Ah Nurse, my Lord and I must never meet:  
 Yet pray him that he would not her despise,  
 Who from his side did a pure Virgin rise.

Hearing

54.

Hearing these words, *Merioneth* straight fell down.  
Opprest with griefe unspeakable, and woe,  
For feare she well neere fell into a swoone:  
For the experienc't Matron did well know,  
Much mischief would ensue, if it were so,  
Or were a truth that *Sydanis* had said;  
That lying with the Prince, she rose a maid.

55.

For that the ancient Brittons then did use,  
When any Bridegroome did a maiden wed,  
A custome they received from the Jews,  
To bring some linnens of the Bridall bed,  
To witnesse she had lost her maiden head,  
Without which testimony there was none  
Beleev'd to be a Virgin, although one.

56.

The wedding smock, or linnens of the Bride,  
The married couples Parents were to see;  
Whereon, if any drops of blood they spy'd,  
Rejoycing, they perswaded were, that she  
Had not till then lost her Virginity.  
If on the linnens nothing did appeare,  
The Bride and Bridegroome straight divorced were :

57.

And she with shame unto her Father sent,  
As one, whose Chastity had been defil'd,  
And of her body was incontinent,  
Or else in secret had a Bastard child;  
And so for ever was to be exil'd  
From all pure Virgins company, whose name,  
No tongue of slander justly could defame.

Now

58.

Now what to doe in this hard doubtfull case,  
 The poore perplexed Matron did not know;  
 To tell the truth, would *Leoline* disgrace:  
 And since of force the linnen she must show,  
 If it were best to counterfeite or no,  
 (To hinder the divorce) a mark or spot,  
 In signe the Prince her maiden-head had got.

59.

Yet this imposture if it were disclos'd,  
 It might beget both danger and disdaine:  
 For why, *Merioneth* wisely presuppos'd,  
 Although to others she a thing might faine,  
 Yet to Prince *Leoline* it was but vaine;  
 Who knowing his owne frozen impotence,  
 Would soon suspect the Ladies innocence.

60.

Nor was there hope the thing could be conceal'd,  
 Since to King *Arvon* and Duke *Leons* eyes  
 The truth of all things was to be reveal'd,  
 This being one of the solemnities.  
 Which shew'd how much our Ancestors did prize  
 A Virgins chastity; which approbation,  
 What maid declin'd, was lost in reputation.

61.

Yet thus the Nurse resolv'd in this distresse,  
 Since *Sydanis* for three daies was t'abide  
 Within her Chambers close retirednesse,  
 As was the custome then for every Bride,  
 Till they were past, nothing should be descry'd:  
 In the meane while it was her resolution,  
 To try some powerfull Magicall conclusion.

Which

62.

Which was, to give a philter or love potion,  
That should not onely cure frigidity,  
But to that secret part give strength and motion,  
Imparting heat unto it, and humidity.  
Both this, and many another quiddity  
These credulous old women doe believe,  
And to effect such purposes doe give.

63.

Amongst high horrid rocks, whose rugged browes  
Doe threaten surley *Neptune* with their frowne,  
When he at them his foaming Trident throwes,  
Beating his high growne surging Billowes downe;  
An aged learned Druide liv'd, farre knowne  
For Magicks skill, who in a lonely Cell  
As Hermite, or an Anchorite did dwell.

64.

*Merioneth* posting to this Druides Cave,  
When of her comming she the cause had told,  
The aged Sire unto the Matron gave  
A liquor farre more precious than gold,  
Of which the secret vertue to unfold,  
It would not onely cause a strong erection,  
But working on the minde, procure affection.

65.

Beleeving this with joy, she backe returns,  
And privately to *Sydanis* she went,  
Who in her Chamber like a Turtle mournes:  
She fully told to her all her intent,  
And that successefu'l would be the event,  
That *Leoline* those pleasures should enjoy,  
The want of which had caused her annoy.

D

Although

66.

Although affection, which Art doth create,  
Is nothing worth, and of true love no part,  
But lust, which satisfy'd, doth end in hate,  
Yet *Sydanis* to palliate the smart,  
Rather than cure the wound of her sad hart  
Since of two evils she the least might chuse,  
Her Nurses counsell she will not refuse.

67.

Heavens glorious Lampe of light, that all day burn'd,  
Was now extinguisht in the Westerne Seas;  
To dens the beasts, to nests the birds return'd,  
And night arising from th' Antipodes,  
Summon'd men from their labours to take ease,  
And drow sie sleepe so soone as they repose  
With her soft Velvet hands their eyes doth close.

68.

When as the Prince the second night did lie  
By lovely *Sydanis* as yet a maid,  
Againe in *Venus* warres such force to try.  
But when that he with her in bed was lay'd,  
And had (but all in vaine) all meanes essay'd,  
Finding, that his virility was gone;  
He grievously began to sigh and grone.

69.

The Princeesse hearing, mildly pray'd him tell  
His cause of griefe, that she might beare her part.  
Madam (quoth *Leoline*) I am not well,  
I feel a deadly paine about my heart:  
Oh might it please the gods, Deaths Ebon dart,  
(Er'e the approach of the next rising morrow)  
Might free me from this world, and you from sorrow.

For

70.

For while I live you'l be unfortunate,  
And in sad discontentment will grow old,  
For ( oh my starres ) such is my wretched Fate,  
I like a Miser keepe a heap of gold,  
For no use els, but onely to behold;  
Possessing an unvalu'd treasure, which  
Being put to use, the whole world would enrich.

71.

But now of Ladies, you most excellent,  
Be pleas'd to heare and pardon what I say:  
In warres to seeke a death is my intent,  
For ere the beames of the next mornings ray,  
I from your dearest selfe must part away,  
And when that I am dead you shall see clearly,  
That ( though I leave you ) yet I lov'd you dearly.

72.

What tongue can tell the griefe of *Sydanis*,  
When as Prince *Leoline*, without remorse,  
Had given her his last sad parting kisse,  
And death must them eternally devorce,  
So that unlesse the Magicke potions force,  
The Princes resolution did prevent,  
She thought nought els could alter his intent.

73.

Therefore with broken sighs and many a teare,  
She as the Prince was ready for to rise,  
To speak to him once more could not forbear,  
Though to her words, griefe utterance denyes,  
She showing down a deluge from her eyes  
Which downe her cheekes in silver rivers ran,  
With no lesse modesty than griefe began :

My Lord ( quoth she ) your will is a command,  
 And shall by me most humbly be obey'd;  
 Which, though I could, I ought not to withstand.  
 But yet be pleas'd to thinke, that you have layd,  
 Upon the frailty of a silly maid,  
 So insupportable a weight of woe,  
 As our weake sex it cannot undergoe.

75.

What er'e is writ of *Grissels* patience,  
 Or Roman *Martia's*, when she lost her sonne,  
 (Whose griefe was lessened by the eloquence  
 Of *Seneca*) by me would be out-done.  
 Nay all those Ladies that such fame have wone  
 For manly fortitude, I should out-vie,  
 Could I endure my sorrow and not dye.

76.

But that's impossible, it cannot be ;  
 Since you, who are my soules soul, who instead  
 Of longer animating it or me,  
 Will strait depart, leaving me doubly dead,  
 You from my soule, it from me being fled :  
 By which you shall a demonstration see,  
 Proving a humane soules mortallity.

77.

Now when, like deare departing friends, the soule  
 And body from each other are to part,  
 The learn'd Physitian seeming to controule  
 Th' approach of death, some Cordiall gives by's Art,  
 That for a while revives the dying part :  
 Here is a drink, which if you please to tast  
 And drink to me, your pledge shall be my last.

Prince



78.

Prince *Leoline* with sighs and sorrow dry,  
Onely to quench his thirst with it did thinke:  
But having drunke it, he immediatly,  
(Such was the force of the enchanted drinke)  
As one starke dead into his bed did sinke;  
Where sencelesse without motion he did lye,  
As one new fallen into an extasie.

79.

Th' amased Princess thinking he was dead,  
Opprest with griefe, she suddenly fell downe,  
The spectacle such horror in her bred,  
That with a shriek she fell into a swoone:  
Which her Nurse hearing, and the cause unknowne,  
Unto the Princes bed side ran in hast,  
Being ignorant as yet of what had past:

80.

And finding how these Princes speechlesse lay,  
It was no time nor boot for to complaine.  
To bring them back to life she doth assay,  
And first with *Sydanis* she taketh paine,  
Who after much adoe reverts againe.  
Which being done, they both together joyne  
Their labours, to revive Prince *Leoline*.

81.

But all in vaine; for after that they two,  
For his recovery all means had try'd,  
And finding at the last nothing would doe,  
They thought it would be death there to abide;  
And therefore some disguise they would provide,  
That friended by the darknesse of the night,  
They might the more securely take their flight.

82.

A womans wit, which in extremities  
Is present, and upon the sudden best :  
For *Sydanis*, a proper neat disguise  
To her old Nurses thoughts dorth straight suggest,  
Who forthwith went and opened a Chest,  
In an out-roume neere where the Pages lay,  
One of whose Suits shee est soones brought away.

83.

In this neat, fit, and handsome Pages suite,  
No sooner was faire *Sydanis* aray'd,  
But as she more advisedly did view'r,  
Upon the sudden she was much dismayd,  
And of her selfe began to be afraid,  
When on the hofe before a ( fashion then )  
She saw a thing was onely worne by men.

84.

A shape undecent made by taylor's Art,  
Of Secrefies, which Nature bids us hide,  
Which as a case seem'd of that privie part,  
Great *Iulius Caesar* cover'd when he dy'd:  
To looke upon it she could not abide,  
It did so much her modesty perplexe,  
As now she wish't to change both cloaths and Sexe.

85.

And needs she would undresse her selfe againe,  
Of that immodest habit to be rid ;  
But her old Nurse her purpose did restraine ;  
Besides, the present danger did forbid  
That act, since no way else she could be hid :  
The doing of it therefore she forbears,  
Which vex't her minde, more than secur'd her feares.

Accou-

Accoutred thus, and ready to be gone,  
The Princess onely for her Nurse doth stay :  
Who without scruple instantly put on  
The cloathes Prince *Leoline* on's wedding day  
Had worne, and drest her selfe without delay :  
Nor were the Breech, or Codpiece to her view  
Unpleasing, who so well the linings knew.

87.

And now as they were ready for to goe,  
The reverend Nurse by reason of her age,  
Had counsell'd, and had ordered things so,  
She should be Lord, and *Sydanis* her Page.  
Thus like two birds new got out of a Cage,  
To flie away with all speed they intend,  
And to the Druides Cave their course to bend.

88.

Yet before that the wofull *Sydanis*  
Could part away, she could it not forbear,  
On *Leolines* cold lips to print a kisse,  
And wash his face with many a briny teare :  
By all the gods she solemnely did sweare,  
( For her excuse ) she never once did thinke  
That she had given to him a deadly drinke.

89.

To cleare her selfe, the poore officious Nurse  
Strong argument and many reasons brought,  
But what was bad before, is now much worse,  
She of the Magicke potion takes a drougt,  
Which on her virall powers so strangely wrought,  
That all the spirits from her heart were fled,  
And she upon the floore fell downe as dead.

The

Th' affrighted Princeſſe, that before might thinke  
 Her Lord might on an Apoplexy die,  
 Or ſome Apoplexy now is ſure, the drinke  
 Was th' only cauſe of this mortality:  
 Griev'd for her Nurſes fond credulity,  
 Who drinking it, had made her griefes farre more,  
 Doubling the ſorrowes that ſhe had before.

91.

Not tongue of Rhetorican can expreſſe  
 Her patience, which ſuch miſchiefes could abide:  
 Her perturbation ſonely one may gueſſe  
 Who in perpetuall feare to be deſcry'd  
 Muſt without any company or guide,  
 Through ſolitude and darkneſſe of the night,  
 Unto a place uncertaine take her flight.

92.

But ſhe muſt goe: for feare now bids her fly,  
 And to the Druides Cave to poſt in haſt,  
 And ſo to put her life in jeopardy,  
 Rather than to be ſure to die at laſt.  
 Through deſart Rocks, and by-ways having paſt,  
 Her Genius not permitting her to ſtray,  
 She there arriv'd ere the breake of day.

93.

Entering with trembling feet the horrid Cave,  
*Morogh* the Druid to her did appeare,  
 Like a Ghooſt ſitting in a dead mans grave  
 Or darkſome Vault: who did no ſooner ſee her,  
 But beckning to the Princeſſe to come neere,  
 The awfull ſilence of his Cell he brake,  
 And in few words to *Sydanis* thus ſpake.

Thou

94.

Thou lovely-seeming youth, who in disguise  
Art come, and art not what thou seem'st in show,  
As if thou couldst deceive my aged eyes,  
Who both thee and thy cause of coming know;  
O let no fond beleefe delude thee so,  
As make thee thinke thou canst not be descryde,  
Or that from me thy secrets thou canst hide.

95.

Thou art a haplesse lady, lately wed  
Unto Prince *Leoline*, whose wretched state  
(Wanting the pleasures of thy marriage bed)  
I could relieve, and would commiserate,  
Wer't not for the inveterate just hate  
I beare King *Aracon*, who me here confin'de  
To live a wretch exil'd from all mankind.

96.

Therefore to be reveng'd upon his sonne,  
For his unjust and cruell fathers sake,  
Know *Sydanis*, that I the deed have done:  
I did the deadly poysonous potion make  
Which thou didst cause Prince *Leoline* to take;  
For whose dire murther thou wilt be detected,  
Since no one else but thee can be suspected.

97.

Nor is thy nurse, that came unto my Nell  
(Whose death as well as *Leolines* doth grieve thee)  
As now alive, the truth of things to tell:  
There is but one way left now to releive thee,  
And therefore take the counsell that I give thee,  
Fly straight beyond seas, for before Sun rise,  
Men will be here thy person to surprise.

E

The

98.

The Druides words, like the death-boding notes  
 Of the night raven, or the ominous owle,  
 Sent from their dismall hollow sounding throats ;  
 Or like the noise of dogs by night, that howle  
 At the departing of a sick mans soule :  
 Such terrour into *Sydanis* did strike,  
 As never tender Lady felt the like.

99.

What she should doe, or whether she should go  
 The poor distressed *Sydanis* not knew,  
 If undescry'd she could take ship or no ;  
 And thereupon what dangers might ensue,  
 Therefore with visage deadly pale of hue.  
 Oh Druides let me dy at once, she sayes ;  
 And not so often, and so many wayes.

100.

And here I'll dye ; thy Cell shall be my grave :  
 Before thee all my misery shall end.  
 So as if any come into thy cave  
 And finde me here, they may thee apprehend  
 And with wilde horses thee in pieces rend :  
 Inflicting severall deaths on thy each limme,  
 For murthering a Prince, and me in him.

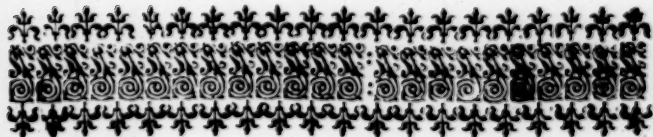
101.

As *Sydanis* these passionate words spake,  
 All ready was her nimble flickering ghost  
 Her bodyes beauteous Mansion to forsake,  
 And towards the blest *Elisium* fields to post  
 All sence of this worlds miseries were lost:  
 Yet this her sad departure seem'd most sweet,  
 That there againe she *Leoline* should meet,

But

102

But now the Druide, who unto the height  
Had wrought her griefe, resolv'd to hold his hand,  
And suddainly to aleviate that weight  
Of woe opprest her, takes a frozen wand,  
With which, and Magicke spels, he could command  
The Furies, Fates, Nimphs, Faries, or what els  
In the Seas deeps, or Earths darke bosome dwels.

*Explicit pars prima.*

103.

**B** Right beauties goddesse, *Aphrodite* stil'd,  
From whitest froth of the Sea Billowes sprung,  
O *loves* most lovely best beloved child,  
Who evermore continuest fresh and young,  
Assistant be to that which here is sung,  
And guide my Muse, which now the land for sakes,  
And to the stormy Seas herselfe betakes.

104.

Sweet-singing Syrens, you who so i<sup>n</sup>chant,  
The Pilot and the listning Mariner  
As the ones head, the others hand doth want  
Abilities the rudder for to steere,  
Receive a beauty to you without peere,  
That puts to Sea, whose orient teeth and lips,  
Doth shed your corall, and your pearle eclipse.

E 2

For

105.

For now the *Druide* tooke her in his armes,  
Which never yet so sweet a burthen bore,  
Waving his rod with strange and hideous charmes,  
Whilest neere the water he stood on the shore,  
Aspectacle appear'd ne're seen before:  
For *Amphitrite* the great Queen of Seas,  
Appear'd with twelve Sea Nymphs *Nereides*.

106.

Here I should tell you how this glorious Queen  
Sate in a Chariot, no mans eye e're saw  
~~So~~ rare a one; her robes were of Sea green,  
Her coach four *Hippopotami* did draw,  
Who fear'd no gust, nor tempests angry flaw.  
~~But~~ to describe things now I cannot stand,  
I hast to finish what I have in hand.

107.

Three steps into the Sea the *Druide* wading,  
The sleeping Princess to the coach he leaves,  
Who proud to be enrich with such a lading,  
Her *Amphitrite* joyfully receives,  
With whom old *Atorrog* such directions leaves  
As needfull were, whether, and in what fort  
She should the beauteous *Sydanis* transport.

108.

Leaving the firth whereas blacke Durdwyes streames  
Swifter than shafts shot from the Russes bow,  
Doe enter and invade King *Neptunes* reames,  
Justling the furly waves when as they flow,  
Under Hillbrees high craggy cliffes doth row,  
The Seas fayre Queene, whom *Tritons* doe attend,  
While towards the maine Sea she her course doth bend.

The



109.

The Sea-bred steeds so swiftly cut the maine,  
As that the sight of every land was lost,  
But a glasse being turn'd, they see againe  
The Island Mona's solitary coast,  
Who of her learned Bards may justly boast  
In Musicke, and in prophesies deep skil'd,  
Who with sweet Engles all the world had fill'd.

110.

And as the Sun arose, they did descry  
The lofty cliffes of the high head of Horth,  
A rocky promontory, which doth lye,  
Neere *Erinland*, white with sea-billows froth,  
Here *Amphitrite* (though exceeding loth)  
Was by the Druides *Morroghs* strict command,  
Her dearest lovely charge to set on land.

111.

But yet before such time she would doe so,  
She sends three Sea *Nymphs* downe into the deepe,  
To bring her up such treasures from below,  
As under rockes the wealthy Sea-gods keepe.  
Now all this while was *Sydanis* asleepe,  
And dream't that she was in some tempest tost,  
And ship-wraet, she and all her goods were lost.

112.

But dreames fall out by contraries; for why?  
The Sea *Nymphs* with more speed than can be told,  
Returning, brought from *Neptunes* treasury  
A large heape of a wrecked Merchants gold,  
More than a pages pockets well could hold.  
The second corall brought: The third, a piece  
Of the Seas richest treasure, Amber Gris.

E3

Last,

113.

Last, the Seas Empreffe, for to testifie  
 How much her love and bounty did abound,  
 A rope of orient pearle did straight untie,  
 Which thrice her Ivory neck incircled round,  
 Such as in deepest Southerne Seas are found,  
 These pearles she knit on *Sydanis* her wrist,  
 And having done a thousand times her kist.

114.

Then raining teares upon her curled head,  
 Which was on *Amphitrites* bosome layd,  
 She wept o're *Sydanis* as she were dead:  
 So much sleepe ( deaths resemblance ) her dismayd,  
 As that a man that saw them would have sayd,  
 That once more there was really againe,  
*Venus*, and in her lap *Adonis* slaine.

115.

The sad *Nereides* with mournfull cheere,  
 Taking their leaves, do kisse her whitest hand,  
 Grieving to leave her, whom they held so deere.  
 And now as they approached neere the strand,  
 Within some dozen steps of the dry land,  
 Downe divid the *Hipopotomi* the Queene,  
 Her chariot, horses, Nymphs, no more were seen.

116.

Faire *Sydanis* now left to swim or sinke,  
 A shore the surges of the billows threw;  
 Who therewith waking, verely did thinke,  
 That what she dream't had really bin true.  
 The manner of her comming she not knew,  
 But howsoever, although cold and wet,  
 She was right glad she was on dry land set.

There

117.

There not full halfe an houre she did abide,  
Wondring how she such gold and pearle had got,  
But by a fisher-man she was espyde,  
Who saw her pages cloake and bonnet float  
Upon the waves, and towards her with his boat  
( Taking them up ) all possible speed he makes,  
And *Sydanis* into his Skiffe he takes.

118.

Two leagues thence distant was a famous port  
Of a great City, that *Eplana* hight,  
Where *Dermot* King of Erin held his court,  
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,  
To whom the fisher-man told in what plight  
He on the shore a shipwreckt youth had found,  
And how the rest o'th' passengers were drownd.

119.

When as King *Dermot* *Sydanis* beheld,  
It doubtfull was whether his admiration  
Of her rare face, which others all excell'd,  
Was greater, or his tender sad compassion  
Of her mishap, which gave to him occasion,  
His royall bounty tow' rds her to expresse,  
And to relieve her wants in this distresse.

120.

Desiring therefore first to have her name,  
She told him that her name *Amanthis* was,  
Page to a Brittish Prince, who as he came  
For Erinland ( such was his wofull case )  
Was drownd'd, as he those stormy Seas did passe;  
And that except her pages onely suit,  
She was of meanes and all things destitute.

121.

The royall *Dermot* forthwith gave command,  
 She should have any thing that he could grant.  
 And now because the King did understand,  
 His onely Princely daughter *Mellefant*,  
 Of such a page at that time stood in want,  
 He to her chamber did *Amant his* send,  
 The high borne lovely Princeesse to attend.

122.

The faire attendant by King *Dermot* sent,  
 The noble Princeesse kindly doth receive,  
 Whose page-like and descreeet deportement,  
 Was such as no one did her sex perceive.  
 Now as a page *Amant his* we must leave,  
 With the faire Princeesse *Mellefant* to dwell,  
 And you shall heare what *Leoline* befell.

123.

*Dionea* early rising in the darke,  
 Sets open wide the Opall ports of day,  
 In nights blacke rinder putting out each sparke,  
 That twinkling shone with a faint flaring ray,  
 And now *Nyctimene* was flowne away,  
 To the dark covert of a hollow tree,  
 Unwilling *Phæbus* brightest beames to see.

124.

The glorious rayes of the next mornings light,  
 Which from the Easterne ocean arose,  
 The dismall deeds of the preceding night,  
 To the worlds view were ready to disclose:  
 And night unable longer to oppose  
 Bright *Phæbus*, or such things in secret keepe,  
 Downe sinking div'd into the Westernne deepe.

125.

The Suns swift courfers upwards making hast  
From his first house in the East Horison,  
Had now two more supernall mansions past,  
And to the entrance of the third were gone,  
E're any of these things in Court had knowne.  
But when nor Prince, nor Princess did appeare,  
Each one admir'd why they not stirring were.

126.

King *Arnon* and Duke *Leon* gave command,  
A page should to the princes chamber goe,  
And instantly should let them understand,  
If that Prince *Leoline* were well or no:  
And why his rising he deferred so.  
The page he went, and finding the doore lockt,  
Softly at first, then lowder call'd and knockt.

127.

But when within, no answer he could heare,  
Nor voice of any one that to him spake;  
The page unto the King relates his feare,  
Who straight commands that with a mighty stroke,  
Of iron bars the doore should downe be broke.  
Which having done, and broken downe the dore,  
A dismall sight lay on the chamber flore.

128.

For there the aged Nurse along was lay'd,  
Cold and stretcht out, as one that were starke dead,  
In all Prince *Leolines* best clothes aray'd.  
Which sight not onely feare, but wonder bred.  
The King and Duke straight went unto the bed,  
And opening the curtaines, there alone  
The Prince lay dead, but Princess there was none.

F

Tearing

129.

Tearing their haires with lamentable groanes,  
 These two sad parents eyes with teares abound:  
 The King his sonne; Duke *Leon* he bemoanes  
 His daughters losse, who no where could be found.  
 Men search for her above and under ground,  
 But all in vaine: for she (you heard) was gone  
 The night before to Erinland, unknowne.

130.

The ports are stop't they search each boat and barke,  
 Thinking that in some ship they might her finde:  
 But that unlikely was, when as they marke  
 How that contrary blew the Northwest winde,  
 Yet this her absence to King *Armons* minde  
 Was evidence enough it could not be,  
 That any one had kill'd the Prince but she.

131.

Now as before a storme, the clouded skie  
 Blackens and darkens, suddenly it loures,  
 E're that the dreadfull thunderer from on high  
 Rores in the clouds, and on the earth downe pores  
 Another dismall Cataclyfme of shores,  
 Even so King *Armons* countenance did betoken  
 A storme of words, which afterwards were spoken.

132.

For in the word of an enraged King,  
 (Whose fatall anger is assured death)  
 He vow'd he would upon Duke *Leon* bring  
 Confusion; for his sword he would unsheath,  
 Which ne're should be put up whilst he had breath,  
 Untill that he a just revenge should take,  
 For *Sydanis* his murderons daughters sake.

You

133.

You must imagine more than shall be sayd,  
Touching Duke *Leons* griefe and his reply,  
Unto whose charge a Princes death was lay'd,  
Against all lawes of hospitality :  
He told King *Arnon* that he did defie  
His threats, and being free from all offence,  
He knew heaven would protect his innocence.

134.

Leaving *Carleon*, back the King return'd  
Unto *Carnarvan* castle, with intent,  
That since that he and all his Court now mourn'd,  
The Princes body thither should be sent,  
To lay him by his Ancestors he meant,  
Whose funerall should not be long deferr'd,  
But he with all solemnitie interr'd.

135.

Among these troubles and distractions,  
That 'twixt King *Arnon* and Duke *Leon* fel,  
The caitife Marquis *Foutre*, all whose actions  
Were form'd by some infernall feind in hell,  
Had learn'd, there was a *Druide* that could tel  
Mens fortunes, and what ere they did demand,  
Could give a resolution out of hand.

136.

To *Morrogh* went this *Foutre* for to know  
The place to which faire *Sydanis* was fled,  
And whether that she living was or no :  
If not, and that she certainly was dead,  
He needs would know where she was buried.  
To whom the *Druide* with a countenance grave,  
Waving his wand, this sudden answer gave :

F 2

Know

137.

Know Frenchman, if to satisfie thy lust  
Of that faire Lady, whom thou dost pursue,  
Thou doe intend ; to Erinland thou must :  
There thou may'st finde her, and thy suit renue.  
But seeing that the winde contrary blew,  
*Foutre* demanded, Ha'st thou not a kinde  
Of tricke in Magicke for to sell a winde.

138.

Yea, quoth the *Druide*, e're thou hence depart,  
That I am my Arts Master thou shalt know,  
And am no ignorant in Magicke art ;  
For knots that on thy handkercher I'll throw,  
Unty'd shall cause, that any winde shal blow,  
Or strong or gently; and as thou dost please,  
Shall waite thy shipe or barke along the Seas.

139.

On *Foutres* handkercher three knots he knits,  
Which when he was at Sea should be unty'd :  
This done, forthwith the *Druides* Cell he quits,  
And to the haven of *Carleon* hy'd,  
Himselfe there of such shipping to provide,  
As at that time the haven did aford,  
Where having got a ship he went aboard.

140.

Untying the first knot, the winde, whose blast  
Was contrary unto his going out,  
And blew ahead, now blew abaft as fast,  
And was upon the sudden come about :  
Which caused all the Mariners to doubt  
That they had got a passenger, whose art  
Had no relation to the Sea-mans Chart.



141.

The second knot unknit the merry gales,  
The vessels linnen wings her sailes did spread,  
Which having past the dangerous coast of Wales,  
Was flying now athwart the Holy-head  
The Skippers without sinking of their lead,  
Upon a sudden now are come so nigh  
To Erinland, that they it doe descry.

142.

Here *Foutre* was the third knot to untye,  
Who thought he had the windes at his dispose.  
But having loos'd that knot, immediatly  
So hydeous a storme at Sea arose,  
As if each severall winde that fiercely blowes  
From two and thirty points at Sea, had met,  
Contending who the soveraignty should get.

143.

The Mariners observing that the storme  
From any naturall cause proceeded not,  
Noting withall the superstitious form  
And manner of untying of the knot,  
Which now this raging tempest had begot;  
Ready to sinke with every stormy blast,  
Marquis *Iean Foutre* over boord they cast.

144.

No sooner was the miscreant throwne in,  
And in the bottom drown'd, but straight the Seas  
Were calme againe, as if the wretch had bin  
A sacrifice, their anger to appease,  
So that it did the fatall Sisters please,  
That he that tyde one knot, in the conclusion,  
Should by another come unto confusion,

145.

The Mariners now with a prosperous blast,  
 Their Sea-ros'd vessel towards Carleon guide,  
 Which there I leave, all dangers being past,  
 At anchor in the harbour safe to ride:  
 For I must tell what fortune did betide  
 Unto Prince *Leoline*, whose various fate  
 Makes the strange story that I shall relate.

146.

Twice had pale *Phæbe* in her silver waine,  
 Drawn with fel dragons, rode her nightly round,  
 Since that the prince with his face bare had laine,  
 Within an open coffin yet unwound  
 In's winding theet, his hands and feet not bound,  
 That when a prince was dead all men might see  
 And know for certainty, that it was hee.

147.

Now the third night, which was the night before  
 The Princes body was to be convey'd  
 Unto Carnarvan, there were halfe a score  
 Of Knights and Squires in mourning blacke array'd,  
 That watching by the Princes body stay'd,  
 Who being fore-wak't, they could no longer keep  
 Their eye lids open, but fell all a sleepe.

148.

Iust at the hour of night the Prince did take  
 The potion which the Druide did compose,  
 Out of dead sleepe did *Leoline* awake,  
 And like a ghost out of the coffin rose,  
 Which er't his Princely body did enclose:  
 For now the potion had no more a force  
 To make a living Prince a seeming corse.

149.

For it was but a soporiferous potion,  
Made of cold Night-shades, Gladials, Popies juice,  
Which for a while suppress'd all sense and motion,  
And of his members tooke away the use.  
By an Narcoticke power it did infuse,  
Which could no longer work on *Leoline*,  
But till the Moone pass'd to another signe.

150.

Nor ought this to seem strange, since as we reade,  
Inhabitants of the cold frozen Zone,  
Call'd *Lewcomori*, for six Months seem dead;  
For as for sense, or motion they have none,  
And so remaine till *Phabus* having gone  
Through the six Southerne Signes, salutes the Twins,  
At which time yearly their new life begins.

151.

But passe we this : The Prince in dead of night  
Finding that those that should have watcht, him slept,  
Tooke up the Morter by whose small dim light  
He silently unto the chamber stept  
Of an Esquire, who all his wardrobe kept,  
Whom he in all important things imploy'd,  
And most rely'd upon : His name was *Floyd*.

152.

Comming now neere, and waking the Esquire,  
Whose haire for feare began uprig' t to stand,  
Thinking he saw a ghost, but comming nigher,  
The Prince upon him gently lay'd his hand,  
And beckned as he silence would command;  
Then putting on a Suit he lately wore,  
They both at midnight went to the Sea shore.

Who

153.

Who being now informed by the way,  
Of all the accidents that had fallen out,  
He durst no longer in Carleon stay,  
Duke *Leons* faithfulness he did misdoubt,  
Who (as he did conceive) had gone about  
To poyson him, and would some plot contrive,  
That might of life him utterly deprive.

154.

No sooner were they come, but there they found  
(Even as they wisht) then ready to hoist saile  
A vessell that for Erinland was bound,  
They so farre with the Mariners prevaile,  
To take them in; of which they did not faile:  
And now the winde so largewas, that e're day,  
The ship quite out of sight was flowne away.

155.

Prince *Leoline* being loth it should be knowne,  
What either he, or his associat were  
Desir'd the Skippers, that they two alone,  
On the next coast or creeke that did appeare,  
Row'd in their Cock-boat, might be landed there.  
The Mariners accordingly it did,  
And the meane time the ship at anchor rid.

156.

As they were ready for to set their feet  
Upon dry land, and so to take their way,  
Upon the shore a gasty sight they meet,  
For there *lean Fontres* drowned body lay,  
In the same clothes, and in the same array,  
He on the Princes wedding day had worne,  
Whose face and hands fishes had eat and torne.

157.

The Prince approching neerer for to view  
The Sea-drownd carkas, which he had descry'd ;  
That it was *Foutre*, instantly he knew ;  
For on his brest his bridall point he spy'd,  
Which *Leoline* forthwith tooke and untry'd,  
Unwilling that the Mariners should have  
A thing he as his wedding favour gave.

158.

The Magicke knot undone by fortune strange,  
And by this sad and yet glad accident,  
In *Leoline* did worke a sudden change :  
For though it was undore with no intent,  
But such as hath bin sayd ; yet the event  
Was such, and did so happily succeed,  
He from th'enchanted Ligature was freed.

159.

The Jewels, Gold, and Silver that he found,  
Among the Sea-men he distributed ;  
Who making of a poore hole in the ground,  
Such as is made for felons being dead,  
(Who by the high way side are buried)  
*Jean Foutres* body they starke naked strip,  
Which done they backe doe rowe unto their ship.

160.

Prince *Leoline* and his Esquire *Ffloyd*  
In Erinland being safely set on shore,  
The better all suspition to avoid,  
Would not unto Eblana come, before  
They had conceal'd themselves a weeke or more :  
In the meane time they purpose to devise  
A way how they might passe in some disguise.

G

Which

161.

Which while they are contriving, you shall heare  
 King *Arnon* and Duke *Leons* sad estate,  
 Who equally in griefe engaged were,  
 And equally did one another hate:  
 With swords they meane the businesse to debate,  
 And thereupon make preparation,  
 One for defence, the other for invasion.

162.

For when the servants that King *Arnon* sent,  
 Missing the body, all about had sought,  
 And could by no meanes finde which way it went,  
 Returning to the King they nothing brought  
 But onely this conjecture, that they thought  
 Duke *Leon* (on whom all the blame they lay)  
 Whil'st they did sleep, had stolne the corps away.

163.

And buried it obscurely in some place,  
 Where never any one should finde his grave:  
 Th'enraged King resenting this disgrace,  
 And now perceiving that he might not have  
 His sonne alive, nor dead, he straight way gave  
 Commissions forth an army to assemble,  
 Should make Carlrans city walls to tremble.

164.

'Tis hard to say, whether was greater growne,  
 King *Armons* anger, or Duke *Leons* griefe;  
 On whom those blacke aspersions were throwne,  
 First of a murtherer, and then a theefe:  
 His patience yet (exceeding all beleefe)  
 And fortitude, were greater than his wrongs,  
 Or the fowle malice of all slanderous tongues.

165.

So now it hap't as *Leon* went alone  
To *Venus* Temple, and at midnight pray'd,  
Downe in that very vault he heard one grone,  
Wherein two nights before the Nurse was layd:  
Then afterwards he heard a voice, which sayd,  
Oh when will it be day? When will the light  
Disperse the darkenesse of this endlesse night?

166.

The Duke at first amazed, recollects  
His feare-dispersed spirits, and before  
That he would speake, he earnestly expects  
To heere what the sad ghost would utter more:  
Whom he perceived wept, and sighed fore:  
Which made him on it such compassion take,  
As that forthwith the vault he open brake.

167.

And bowing downe into the grot, he say'd,  
If thou a soule leaving th'Elysian rest,  
Art backe return'd, whereas thy corps is layd,  
To bring some comfort to a Prince distressed,  
And with all manner injuries oppress;  
Then in the dead more mercy doth abound,  
Than here among the living can be found.

168.

For thou wilt tell me whether bale or blisse  
Be now the sad condit ion or glad state  
Of my late deare deceased *Sydanis*,  
And where and how she yelded to her fate:  
All which, I pray thee, gentle ghost, relate,  
And ease my heavy heart, oppress with griefe,  
Which among mortals can finde no reliefe.

169.

Griefe hath few words. Th'amazed Nurse that heard  
 Duke *Leons* words, and knew it was his voice ;  
 Of the vaults darkeness being much afeard,  
 And the dead silence where there was no noise ;  
 Not knowing if she wak't, or dream't, the choice  
 That she did make, was rather to conceale  
 Her selfe a while, than any thing reveale.

170.

And therefore that opinion to maintaine,  
 And fancy in Duke *Leon*, of a ghost  
 From the Elysian shades return'd againe,  
 And had now twise the Stygian ferry crost,  
 To seeke that body it before had lost ;  
 She in a piteous voice Duke *Leon* told,  
 As yet she might not any thing unfold.

171.

For *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*  
 The three grim Judges of th' infernall Court,  
 Would not unto the ghosts a licence grant,  
 The secrets of the darke world to report ;  
 But to their Tombes they nightly must resort,  
 Till seven nights were past, and there must stay.  
 Till the cockes crow before the breake of day.

172.

But if that he on the eighth night would come  
 About the houre of twelve, when ghosts appeare,  
 And call upon her at the silent Tombe,  
 Of all things he the certainly should heare  
 Where *Leoline* and his faire daughter were,  
 And be inform'd of every thing he crav'd,  
 And what the fates on leaves of stecke had grav'd.



173.

The Duke expecting at that time no more,  
Up from the vault he silently arose,  
Forgetting now to shut the Temple dore,  
Unto his Palace backe againe he goes,  
And now the Nurse ere that the first cocke crowes,  
Stole from the vault, and in her winding sheet,  
Went to a beldams house in a by-street.

174.

Who being a lone woman, was most fit  
To keepe her close, and what she had design'd ;  
Unto whose trust her selfe she dorth commit,  
And told to the old beldam all her minde ;  
Intending that as soone as she could finde  
An opportunity, she would goe thence  
To *Morrogh*, to get more intelligence.

175.

Through darknesse of the third ensuing night,  
To the learn'd Druide *Morroghs* Cell she went,  
Clad like a souldier, in a buffe coat dight,  
With hat, sword, gorget. This habiliment  
Her hostesse the old Beldam to her lent,  
Whose husband being a souldier long before,  
Under Duke *Leon*, in his life time wore.

176.

Atttyred thus in habit of a man,  
When she before the reverend Druide came,  
To counterfit mens gesture she began :  
And to appeare that she was not the same  
She was, she altered her voice and name,  
Thinking that *Morrogh* knew not who she was,  
But that she for a souldier well might passe.

177.

But he well knowing she did counterfet,  
 And to delude his cunning had a minde,  
 Resolved her finenesses should be met,  
 And quitted backe to her in their owne kinde :  
 ( Souldier quoth he ) I by my skill do finde,  
 Prince *Leoline* and *Sydanis* are fled,  
 And *Merioneth* her old Nurse is dead.

178.

More of the Princes I cannot unfold ;  
 But by my art I certainly do know,  
 That e're three dayes be past, thou shalt behold  
 Carleon city walls beleaguered so,  
 That out of it alive there none shall go ;  
 By famine brought to that extremity,  
 As that the Duke himselve thereof would dy.

179.

But such a horrid death I must prevent,  
 And for thou seem'st one of Duke *Leons* guard,  
 Tell him that I to him by thee have sent  
 An Amulet by Chymicke art prepar'd,  
 Who'e vertue told, will purchase thy reward,  
 For if that one but touch his lips with it,  
 It will satisfie the hungry appetite.

180.

The skilfull Druide gave no more direction.  
 Nor of the secret properties more spake,  
 Of the Epiminedial confection.  
 The seeming-souldier doth the present take,  
 And towards Carleon all post hast doth make,  
 Intending that if possible she may,  
 She would be backe before the breake of day.

181.

But e're twas day, King *Arnon's* legions were  
So farre advanc'd, as that he sent a Scout  
To make discovery if the foe were neere,  
Or that there were any ambushment without.  
Now as the swift Vant-curriers rode about  
As Sentinell perdue, the Nurse they caught,  
And to King *Arnon* instantly her brought.

182.

Who forthwith gave command she should be sent  
Unto Carnarvan, and there should be cast  
Into the deepest dungeon, to th'intent  
That she in links of iron fettered fast,  
Being hunger-starv'd to death, should breathe her last.  
His angry doome is straight accomplished,  
And to Carnarvan is *Merioneth* led;

183.

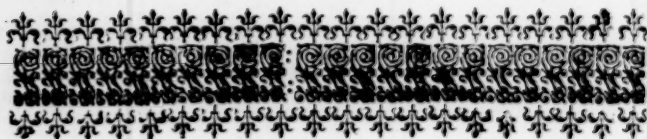
Of all poore creatures most unfortunate :  
For while that in the dungeon she did ly,  
She with her selfe did often times debate,  
Whether was better, hunger-starv'd to dy,  
Or for to take the Druides remedy,  
'Twould but prolong her misery to use it,  
And it was present death for to refuse it.

184.

But here I leave her and King *Arnon's* host  
Carleon city walls besieging round :  
My tale must follow them, who having cross'd  
The Brittish Seas, for Erinland were bound,  
Where *Leoline* faire *Sydanis* hath found,  
But so transform'd, as ( though he did her see )  
He little did suspect, that it was she.

*Explicit pars secunda.*

*Lalona's*



185.

**L** *Atona's* Twins, bright *Cynibia*, and her brother  
 Resplendent *Phæbus*, with his glorious rayes  
 Had seven times given place to one another,  
 And fully had accomplisht seven dayes  
 E're *Leoline* through devious woods and wayes,  
 Accompanied by *Floyd* as his consort,  
 Came to *Eblana* to King *Dermots* court.

186.

On the eighth day, sacred to *Venus* name,  
 It fortun'd at Court there was a feast  
 To welcome an Embassadour that came  
 From Albion which they two (among the rest)  
 Comming to see, like two French *Monseurs* dress'd,  
 They, not'd to be strangers, were so grac't,  
 As next to the Kings table to be plac't.

187.

At mid'st whereof under a cloth of state,  
 To which one must by three degrees ascend,  
 In a rich chayre the royall *Dermot* sat,  
 Th' Embassadour and Princeesse at each end,  
 On *Mellefant*, *Amantbis* doth attend,  
 As Cup-bearer, the while that she did dine,  
 And when she pleas'd to call, did bring her wine.

When

188.

When as six severall courses serv'd had bin,  
The royall dinner drawing towards an end,  
A rich and sumptuous banquet was brought in,  
Which did such kinds of sweet-meats comprehend,  
As might with fruits of Paradise contend.  
Of which the choycest and most excellent  
The Princessse to the seeming French-men sent.

189.

Giving her page *Amant his* a command  
To let them know, that if they did desire,  
They should be brought to kisse King *Dermots* hand.  
Prince *Leoline* and *Floyd* his faithfull Squire,  
These unexpected curtesies admire:  
Which taking, they a low obeysance make,  
Admiring the pure French *Amant his* spake.

190.

To whom Prince *Leoline* in French reply'd,  
And told her, such an unexpected grace,  
Their duties and affections so ty'd,  
As that they all occasions would embrace,  
To testifie their service; and in case  
They might receive such honout, that it would  
Oblige them more than any favor could.

191.

The Table taken from before the King,  
And all the Royall Ceremonies ended,  
*Amant his* estoones did the strangers bring,  
And told him that two French Lords there attended,  
By *Mellefant* the Princessse recommended,  
To have the honour for to kisse his hands,  
And to receive his Majesties commands.

H

King

192.

King *Dermot* full of royall curtesy,  
 Not onely gave his hand, but more to grace'em  
 Descended so belowe his Majefty,  
 As that he did in friendly wise embrace'em,  
 Commanding his Lord Chamberlaine to place'em  
 In his owne lodgings, that they might not want  
 Conveniency to wait on *Mellefant*.

193.

Whose hands they kissing with all reverence  
 The Princess doth them kindly entertaine :  
 Now while the King had private conference  
 With the Embassadour, the Prince did gaine  
 An opportunity for to detaine  
 The Princess in discourse : twixt him and her  
*Amant his* was the sweet interpreter.

194.

Prince *Leolines* discourfes pleas'd so well  
 The Princess, that she oftentimes did send  
 To have him come, fine Romances to tell,  
 To which she would so sweet attention lend,  
 As *Dido*-like she seemed to depend  
 Upon his lip, and such delights did take,  
 She wisht to speake French onely for his sake.

195.

But what soever by the Prince was se'd  
 Of love, or of adventures of that kinde,  
 Must by *Amant his* be interpreted,  
 Whose eyes the Princes language could not blinde,  
 For he was knowne, and how he stood inclin'd,  
 Nor was discreet *Amant his* ignorant,  
 That *Leoline* made love to *Mellefant* :

196.

But to what end she could not yet discover:  
For if to marry her was his intent;  
It seem'd most strange that he should be a lover,  
Who in loves actions was so impotent  
And if he were not so, then that content  
Should *Atellesant* enjoy, and that delight  
In *Hymens* sports, which was *Amanthis* right.

197.

But ere a Moneth was past, it fortun'd so,  
The Princess *Atellesant*, *Amanthis* sent  
To the Prince *Leoline*, to let him know  
And carry him this courtly complement,  
That if he pleas'd to ride abroad, she ment  
(Since that the wheather was so calme and faire)  
To ride into the fields to take the aire.

198.

*Amanthis* with this message being gone,  
Prince *Leoline* was in his chamber found  
Sitting upon his bed-side all alone:  
His countenance sad, his eyes fixt on the ground,  
As if he did with carefull thoughts abound:  
But seeing of *Amanthis*, he acquir'd  
A happinesse that he had long desir'd.

199.

For he now got an opportunity,  
His minde unto *Amanthis* to disclose:  
Whose message being told, immediately  
The Prince began and say'd, Faire youth suppose  
I told a secret, might I not repose  
So much in thee as never to reveale it,  
But in thy faithfull bosome to conceale it?

2 H

To

200.

Towhom *Amanthis* straight reply'd, You may  
 A privacy unto my trust commit,  
 Which if it touch the Princessse any way,  
 Or King, to hide it were nor safe nor fit ;  
 For in my duty I must utter it :  
 But if so be that it touch none of these,  
 You may securely tell me what you please.

201.

Quoth *Leoline*, that which I have to say  
 Concernes the Princessse, but in such a kinde,  
 As if that thou my counsell should'st bewray,  
 After that I have utter'd all my minde,  
 It may be I with thee no fault should finde :  
 For say I should desire thee to prove,  
 Whether the Princessse *Mellefant* could love.

202.

My fortunes and my birth perchance may be  
 Greater than yet they seeme, 'tis often scene,  
 Meane cloathes doe hide high-borne Nobility.  
 And though she be a Princessse, nay a Queene,  
 Great Princessses have oft enamour'd beene  
 Of gentlemen ; so fortune did advance  
*Medor* above the *Palladines* of France.

203.

And so Queen *Clytemnestra*, as we read,  
 Before King *Agamemnon* did preferre  
 And tooke into her royall nuptiall bed  
*Aegisthus* her sweet fac'd adulterer,  
 In birth and fortunes farre unworthy her,  
 And so faire *Helen* did young *Paris* make  
 Her choyce, and *Menelaus* did forsake.



204.

But these thould't say were presidents of lust,  
And such as vertuous Ladies should detest :  
But what I seeke is honorably just ;  
Which since I have committed to thy brest,  
If thou, faire lovely youth, wilt do thy best  
My suit to thy sweet Princeesse to commend,  
Be sure that thou hast gain'd a thankfull friend.

205.

To which *Amanthis* answered, You are  
( My Lord ) a stranger and as yet unknowne,  
You must upon your honor then declare  
Whether you have a Lady of your owne  
Living ; and if that she from you be gone,  
Or you from her, if either should be true,  
None knowes the inconvenience would ensue.

206.

These speeches startled *Leoline*, whose hart  
Being conscious, made him answer, 'Tis a truth  
I had a Lady once, to whom thou art  
So like in feature, personage, beauty, youth,  
And every lineament, as if she doth  
Yet live, I should my state and life engage,  
That thou wert she in habit of a page.

207.

For woe is me, away from me she fled,  
Being ignorant of what the cause might be,  
And left me lying fast asleep in bed ;  
And now for ought I know thou mayst be she ;  
For her true image I behold in thee :  
But to beleev't were fondnesse. Here he stopt,  
And from his eyes some christall teares there dropt.

H 3

*Amanthis*

208.

*Amanthis* weeping for to see him weep,  
 ( My Lord, ) quoth she, if you a Lady had  
 That parted from you when you were asleep,  
 ( Though loth ) I shall unto your sorrows ad  
 Such a relation shall make you more sad,  
 For of your Lady can no where be found,  
 It is too true I feare that she is drown'd.

209.

For now it is some twenty dayes and more  
 Since Mariners arriv'd here, who do say  
 How that they found sayling along the shore  
 The body of a French-man cast away,  
 On whom were letters found that did bewray  
 That he had stolne a Lady, who together  
 Perisht with him, as they were comming hither.

210.

And if one may beleewe the common fame  
 That mongst the people hath divulged this,  
 The Lady was of quality, her name  
 If I remember right, was *Sydanis*.  
 Now if that this were she that did amisse,  
 And so much wrong'd your love, I must confesse  
 Your sorrow for her ought to be the lesse.

211.

Prince *Leoline* hearing this sad relation,  
 Like serpents to him were *Amanthis* words,  
 Stirring both jealousy and indignation,  
 And pierc't his heart like to so many swords,  
 His greife this onely utterance affords,  
 Ah, *Sydanis* was she, whom I deplore,  
 Who seem'd a Saint, but ah me dy'd a whore.

212.

Well (quoth *Amanthis*) if I may amend  
What is amisse, or may your woe relieve,  
You may be sure I shall my furtherance lend,  
And to your suit my best assistance give:  
For *Sydanis* no longer shall you grieve,  
For being free to marry whom you please,  
I shall endeavour to procure your ease.

213.

This say'd, *Amanthis* *Leoline* did leave,  
And backe return'd to act that was design'd.  
Now here a man may easily conceive  
What perturbations vext the Princes minde,  
Who knowing he *Iean Foutre* dead did finde,  
And that part of the story he well knew,  
He might well thinke, that all the rest was true.

214.

Perplex't with doubts, whether his impotence  
Was the sole cause made *Sydanis* to fly  
Before that he could have intelligence  
Of such unfayned markes as might descry  
The truth, or losse of her virginity,  
For though she as a virgin was reputed,  
Yet by *Iean Foutre* he might be cornuted.

215.

On th'other side one probably may guesse  
The trouble that perplext *Amanthis* thought,  
Since *Leoline* must *Mellefant* possesse,  
Who might deny him nothing that he sought:  
And all this by *Amanthis* must be wrought,  
Who by a kinde unkinde, and curteous wooing  
Must be the author of her owne undoing.

But

216.

But since *Amanthù* had a promise made  
 To further his love-suit in all she might :  
 It must be done, therefore she did perswade  
 Prince *Leoline*, in the French tongue to write  
 To *Mellefant* ; for what he did endite,  
 She said the Princess would shew none but her,  
 Who was betwixt them both Interpreter.

217.

And thereby she should find occasion  
 Fitly to speake of *Leolines* true love,  
 And by a glentle amorous perswasion  
 She might all lets ( if any were ) remove.  
 Prince *Leoline* her councill doth approve,  
 And writes, who by *Amanthis* was assur'd  
 An answer to his lines should be procur'd.

218.

Now after courtship and kinde complement,  
 And many curteous visits of respect,  
*Amanthis* came, as if she had bin sent  
 To *Leoline*, to tell him the effect  
 Of her proceedings ( which he did expect )  
 And brought a letter with her, which she fain'd  
 She had from Princess *Mellefant* obtain'd.

219.

Th'effect whereof was this : she first desir'd  
 It might not seem a lightnesse in a maid,  
 To yeeld so soone to that which was requir'd  
 For *Cupid*, whose commands must be obaid,  
 Had by her eyes into her heart convoid  
 His lovely shape, his worth and every grace,  
 Where never man but he had yet a place.

220.

But now her amorous bosom was a shrine,  
Devoted wholly to the god of Love,  
In which the Saint was lovely *Leoline*.  
She writ, That in affection she would prove.  
More constant than the truest Turtle-dove.  
What more, for modesty might not be told,  
She left it to *Amanthis* to unfold.

221.

In fine, *Amanthis* did the Prince perswade  
So powerfully, that if he pleas'd, he might  
The maiden Fort of *Atellefant* invade,  
And enter in that fortress of delight :  
For the *Corinna*-like, the following night  
Would come unto prince *Leoline* his bed,  
And offer there her Princely maiden-head.

222.

Provided alwayes, when that she did come,  
A promise must be made, might not be broken,  
That they in their embraces should be dumbe,  
And that between them no word should be spoken.  
For on the morrow, by a private token,  
He should be sure, so that he would not vaunt,  
He had enjoy'd the Princeesse *Atellefant*.

223.

The Prince, that heard with Joy and admiration  
*Amanthis* words, impatient of delay,  
On the Suns horses layes an imputation,  
That they were lame, or els had gone astray,  
And *Sol* in malice had prolong'd the day,  
That drove so slowly downe Olympus hill,  
And winged Time he chid for standing still.

224.

But at the last the long'd-for hour grew neere,  
 The evening sets, and the steeds of the Sun  
 Were posted to the other Hemisphere,  
 On this side having their last stage yrun,  
 Bright things beginning to wax dim and dun,  
 And night uprising from darke *Acheron*,  
 O're all the skie a pitchy vaile had throwne.

225.

About the houre of twelve, when all was still,  
 And *Morpheus* sealed had all mortall eies,  
*Amanthis*, who was ready to full fill  
 Her promise, softly from her bed doth rise,  
 And in her sinocke and a furr'd-mantle hies  
 To *Leolines* bed chamber, where in sted  
 Of *Mellefant*, she goes to him to bed.

226.

No sooner did they touch each others skin,  
 And she was in his fragrant bosom lay'd,  
 But that the prince loves on-set did begin,  
 And in his wars the valiant Champion play'd:  
 What faint resistance a young silly mayd  
 Could make, unto his force, did quickly yeeld;  
 Some bloud was lost, although he won the field.

227.

For no hot French-man, nor high Tuscan bloud,  
 Whose panting veines do swell with lively heat,  
 In *Venus* breach more stoutly ever stood,  
 Or on her drum did more alarums beat,  
 But *Cupid* at the last sounds a retreat:  
*Amanthis* at his mercy now doth ly,  
 Thinking what kinde of death she was to dy.

But

228.

But she must now endure no other death,  
For standing mute, but either must be prest,  
Or smothering kisses so should stop her breath,  
As that Loves flames enclos'd with in her brest,  
Should burne the more, the more they were suppress,  
And so she as Loves Martyr should expire,  
Or *Phoenix*-like, consume in her owne fire.

229.

These pleasant kinde of deaths *Amanthis* oft  
And willingly did suffer e're 'twas day,  
Nine times the lusty Prince did come aloft:  
But now *Amanthis* could no longer stay;  
For while 'twas darke she needs must go away:  
On her, Prince *Leoline* bestow'd a ring,  
Mans eye did ne're behold so rare a thing.

230.

For in it was an admirable stone,  
Whose colour ( like the Carbuncle ) was red,  
By day, it with its native lustre shone,  
And like the Sun-bright beames abroad did spread.  
But that which greatest admiration bred ;  
It had a quality ne're scene before,  
First to keep light, then after to restore.

231.

For if oneto the Sun-beames did expose it,  
And hold it in them but a little space,  
And in a box, would afterwards enclose it,  
Then after go into some darke some place  
Whereas one could not see ones hand, nor face,  
Opening the box, a beame of light would come,  
Pyramide-like, would lighten all the roome,

232.

But shew is gladder of the consequence,  
 Than of the pretious stone she did receive.  
 For now, without suspition or offence,  
 She knew how she might *Leoline* deceive,  
 Whom she at parting from his bed did leave,  
 Recounting with himselfe, how by that deed  
 He might as King of Erinland succeed

233.

*Amant* his being come to her owne bed,  
 Lay downe, but sleep she could not: Iealousies  
 Concerning *Leoline* disturb'd her head;  
 For having now try'd his abilities,  
 She thought the Prince her sweetnesse did despise,  
 But that he no virillity did want,  
 To enjoy his Princely mistresse *Adeliefant*.

234.

Oh jealousie in love, who art a vice  
 More opposite in every quality,  
 Than is penurious sordid avarice,  
 To the extreame of prodigality.  
 Besides, thou sufferest no man to enjoy  
 What he possesse, without some annoy.

235.

So many cares, so many doubts and feares  
 Upon thee do continually attend,  
 As the two portals of the soule, the eares,  
 Which to all rumors do attention lend,  
 Dire perturbations to the heart do send,  
 Procuring such unquiet and unrest,  
 As should not harbor in a lovers brest.



236.

And to that passe *Amanthis* thou hast brought;  
With feare of losing that delight and pleasure  
Which she hath tasted, as her troubled thought,  
And perturbations one may rightly measure  
By a rich miser, who hath found a treasure,  
Who is solicitous, and vext with care,  
Lest any one of it should have a share.

237.

Further she thought, if *Mellefant* but knew  
Prince *Leoline* to be King *Armons* sonne,  
He needed not his love-suit to pursue,  
For he already had the conquest wonne.  
Such cogitations in her head did runne,  
And with such thoughts she entertain'd the time,  
Till *Sol* began Nights starry Arch to clime.

238.

But when the feather'd Herauld of the light,  
Stout *Chanteceleere* the Cocke, with trumpet shrill  
Had now proclaim'd darkenesse was put to flight,  
And *Phæbus* driving up the Easterne hill,  
With glorious golden beams the world did fill;  
From'twixt her sheets as'twixt two Groneland snowes,  
*Amanthis* like a new sprung Lilly rose.

239.

And in her pages habit neatly fine,  
Her beauteous selfe she curiously did dight,  
As if she had not layne with *Leoline*,  
Nor had not lost her mayden head that night:  
*Venus* and *Cupid* pleas'd were with the sight;  
And how she did Prince *Leoline* beguile,  
Even made the old austere *Saturnus* smile.

240.

For *Jupiter* in lovers witty flights,  
Which they contrive and cunningly devise,  
(Himselfe having bin one) so much delights,  
As that he oftentimes with them complies,  
And doth but laugh at lovers perjuries:  
For now *Amanthis* was a part to act,  
Which to perform, she no invention lackt.

241.

For the next morne about the houre of ten,  
To Princeesse *Mellefant* she had accessse,  
Who seeing her, demanded of her, When  
That the French Lord such courtship would expresse,  
As unto her a visit to addressse?  
To whom *Amanthis* say'd, I am too blame,  
That I no sooner to your highnesse came,

242.

To tell you that it is the Lords intent,  
(If so it please your Highnesse and the King)  
This night a Masquerado to present,  
Where you shall see him dance, and heare him sing.  
Your answer I againe to him must bring,  
Who hopes your highnesse graciously will take,  
A service onely done for your deare sake.

243.

He further hopes you'll honor him thus much,  
As to receive this ring, and so to grace it,  
As that it may your princely finger touch,  
On which he humbly prayes that you would place it:  
This faire occasion, if you please t'embrace it,  
And cherish it, may the beginning prove  
Of a most happy honorable love.

For

244.

For Madam, his brave parts and excellence,  
Which other mens perfections firre out-goes,  
His valour, learning, wit, and eloquence,  
Which like a fload of Nectar from him flowes,  
That he is some great Prince most plainly shoves :  
And let one presuppose that he were none,  
Yet your most honor'd service makes him one.

245.

Faire *Mellefant*, whose breast th'Idalian fire  
Had gently warm'd, unto her thus reply'd :  
*Amanthis* ( quoth she ) I do much admire  
How that a stranger can so soone have spy'd  
An advocate, that cannot be deny'd,  
Those in their Suits of eloquence have need,  
That seeke unjust things, and so feare to speed.

246.

But thou who art a young and lovely youth,  
Might'st well have spared that which thou hast sayd,  
For to converse with thee ( such is thy truth )  
A Vestall Virgin would not be afraid :  
Thy looks are Rhetoricke to perswade a mayd ;  
And be assur'd, I willingly shall grant  
What ever thou shalt aske of *Mellefant*.

247.

Therefore to him ( who as thou sayst ) doth seen.  
A noble Prince, this messagethou shalt beare :  
Tell him his love we highly do esteeme,  
And for his honor'd sake the ring I leweare,  
Which next himselfe shall be to me most deare.  
Having thus sayd, straight to the King she went,  
And for that time broke off her complement.

Now

248.

Now some will say, 'twas too much forwardnesse  
 In *Mellefant*, that with so small adoe,  
 She did her love unto the Prince expresse:  
 For bashfull mayds do let their Suitors wooe,  
 And that same thing they have most minde unto,  
 Least men their mayden coyneesse should suspect,  
 They seem to shun, at leastwise to neglect.

249.

But since great *Virgil* writes, That *Dido* lov'd  
 At the first sight the wandring Knight of Troy,  
 Whose story much more her affections mov'd,  
 Than could the torch of *Venus* wanton Boy:  
 Let *Mellefant*, in that she was not coy  
 Be blamlesse, since we by experience finde,  
 Those women are not faire, that are not kinde.

250.

For heaven it selfe, that is a thing most faire,  
 While it is gently calme, serene and cleare,  
 While *Zephyrus* perfumes the curled Ayre,  
 With gladnesse it the heart of man doth cheere:  
 But if it gloomy, darke, and sad appeare,  
 It never on us mortalls showres a storme,  
 But blackenesse doth heavens beauteous face deforme.

251.

Nor doe I say she lov'd but as a friend,  
 Giving the prince a curteous sweet regard,  
 Which had not yet so farre as love extend,  
 Though more for him than other men she car'd,  
 Her gracious lookes were onely his reward:  
 For why, as yet she onely did encline,  
 And not resolve, to love Prince *Leoline*.

But

252.

But time and opportunity of place,  
Which Clerks assigne for all things that are done,  
Did consummate within a litle space  
That part of love was happily begun.  
The evening now approach't, and that dayes Sun  
Himselfe below the *Horizon* had set,  
And had in *Westerne* waves his Chariot wet :

253.

When as those high supernall Deities  
That all mens actions do fore-see and know,  
And do præside at all solemnities,  
Assembled were to looke on things below,  
A Masque before King *Dermot*, which doth show,  
That 'tis a part of their cœstiall mirth,  
To see how men do personate them on earth.

254.

In heavens tenth house, bright Honors highest throne,  
On starry studded Arches builded round,  
Great *Jupiter* the thunderer, bright shone,  
His brows with beams of radiant lightning crown'd:  
Just opposite to him, low under ground  
His melancholy Sire *Saturnus* old  
Did sit, who never pastimes would behold.

255.

Next *love* fate *Mars* the fiery god of warre,  
In armes of burnisht steele compleatly dight :  
By him *Apollo*, who had left his care,  
And for a while layd by his robes of light,  
Next him fate *Venus* goddesse of delight,  
Whose golden hayre in curious knots was ty'de :  
Then *Mercury* and *Luna* by his side.

K

With

256.

With these assembled were those Heroës,  
 Whose fixed lights the eighth Sphære do adorne,  
 Stormy *Orion*, and great *Herculus*,  
 With skin from the Næmean Lion torne,  
*August's* bright Virgin with her care of corne.  
 Neere *Berince* combing of her hayre,  
 Sate *Cassiopea* in her starry chayre.

257.

As these spectators sitting in the skies  
 Made *Ioves* high Palace glorious; even so  
 As they cast on King *Dermots* court their eies,  
 Another heaven they beheld below:  
 Such art and cost did *Leoline* bestow  
 Upon the Masquing Scœnes, as no expence  
 Could ad more beauty or magnificence.

258.

For to a high and spartious stately roome  
 Prepar'd for presentations of delight,  
 King *Dermot* in his royall robes being come,  
 Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,  
 With his faire daughter *Mellefant* the bright,  
 Where under a rich pearle embroydred State,  
 She like a glorious Constellation fate.

259.

The Ladyes hid with jewels, who had seene  
 On Arras covered scaffolds sitting there,  
 He would have thought that he so high had beene,  
 As he at once saw either Hemisphere;  
 So like a starry firmament they were,  
 And all that space that was below betweene  
 The Hemisphere, lookt like the earth in greene.

260.

For all the floore, whereon the Masquers feet  
Their stately steps in figures were to tread,  
And gracefully to funder, and to meet,  
A carpet of greene cloth did overspred;  
Which seem'd an even floury vale, or mead,  
On which the Hyacinth and Narcissus blew  
So naturally were stayn'd, as if they grew:

161.

The Violet, Cowslip, and the Daffodill,  
The Tulipa, the Primrose, and with them  
The daisie sprung from the greene Camomill,  
The floury Orchis with it's tender stem,  
The goddesse *Fora's* crowne, the meadowes gem,  
Which seem'd the Masquers dancing did commend,  
Who trod so light they did not make them bend.

261.

More might be sed, but let thus much suffice,  
For to say more of floures but needlesse were.  
The King being set, and all spectators eies  
Fixt on the Scène, the first thing did appeare  
Were clouds, some dusky blew, and some were cleere,  
As if it seem'd a skie were overcast,  
Which all did vanish, with *Favonie's* blast.

263.

These clouds disperst, downe dropping the May dew,  
*Aurora* rose, crown'd with the morning starre,  
Foure snow white swans her purple chariot drew,  
And gently mounted up her rosy Carre.  
Next that in perspective was seene from farre  
The rowling Ocean, and as there had bin  
Waves of a flowing Spring tyde comming in.

K 2

Which

264.

Which as they rowled neerer on the Sand,  
Upon the tumbling billows was descry'd  
*Arion* with a golden Harpe in's hand,  
Who a huge crooked Dolphine did bestride,  
And on the duncing waves did bravely ride.  
Before him *Tritons*, who in shels did blow,  
And were as the loud Musicke to the show.

265.

Sea Monsters, who up from the deep were come,  
Presented a delightfull antique dance,  
Who on the waters surface nimbly swome,  
Making odd murgeons with their looks ascaunce,  
Sometimes they dive, sometimes they did advance,  
Sometimes they over one another lepr,  
And to the Musicke time exactly kept.

266.

Betweene each dance *Arion* with his Lyre,  
That with sweet silver sounding chords was strung,  
Sitting in midst of a melodious Quire  
Of sixteene Syrens, so divinely sung,  
That all the roome with varied ecchoes rung.  
*Arions* part was acted by the Squire,  
Whose singing all that heard him did admire.

267.

The Musicke ended, to delight the eie,  
Another Scène and spectacle begun,  
For there aloft in a cleere azure skie  
Was seene a bright and glorious shining Sun,  
Who to his great Meridian had run,  
O're whom the Asterisme was represented  
Of *Leo*, whose hot breath his flames augmented.

Under



268.

Under his beams, as flying o're the Seas,  
Did *Dedalus*, and *Icarus* appeare,  
The Sire in the mid-way did soare at ease,  
But *Icarus* his sonne mounting too neere,  
His wax-compos'd wings unfeathered were :  
So headlong to the Sea he tumbled downe,  
Whose billows the foole-hardy youth did drowne.

169.

Now the Sea going out, which erst had flow'd,  
Did leave a bare and golden yellow sand,  
Whereon rare shells, and orient pearls were strow'd,  
Which gathered by twelve Sea Nymphs out of hand,  
In Scallop shells, were brought unto the land  
Unto the King, and *Mellefant*, as sent  
From him that did *Arion* represent.

270.

The first Scène vanishing, and being past,  
And all things gone, as if they had not beene,  
The second Scène, whereon their eies they cast,  
Was the *Hesperides*, with trees all greene,  
On which both gold and silver fruits were seene.  
*Apollo* there amidst the Muses nine  
Sat, personated by Prince *Leoline*.

271.

Who playing on a rare Theorbo Lute,  
The strings his fingers did not only touch,  
But sung so sweet and deep a base unto't,  
As never mortall eare heard any such :  
The Muses did alternately as much,  
To sound of severall Instruments, in fine,  
They in one Chorus all together joyne.

272.

Besides them, there was sitting in a grove  
 The shepheards god *Pan*, with his pipe of reed;  
 Who far the mastery with *Apollo* strove,  
 Whether in Musicks practise did exceed.  
 Betweene them both, King *Midas*, who decreed  
 That *Pan* in skill *Apollo* did surpassse,  
 Had for his meed two long eares of an asse.

273.

These with ten Satyrs danc'd an antique round  
 With Volta's, and a Saraband : which ended,  
 They suddenly all funke into the ground,  
 And with *Apollo* they no more contended.  
 Thus done, he and his Muses downe descended  
 From their sweet rosie Arbours, which did twin  
 The Hony-suckle and sweet Iessemin.

274.

The stately Grand-Ballet *Apollo* led,  
 Wherein most curious figures were exprest,  
 Upon the flourey carpet as they tred,  
 The Muses in fine antique habit drest,  
 Unto their nimble feet do give no rest,  
 But in neat figures they the letters frame  
 Of *Mellefants*, and of King *Dermots* name.

275.

This done, the Muses like nine Ladies clad  
 ( For so they did appeare unto the eie )  
 Their antique habits chang'd, and as they had  
 Bin metamorphosed, they suddenly  
 Their neat disguise of women did put by,  
 And like to nine young gallants did appeare,  
 The comliest youths, that in *Eblana* were.

276.

The Prince too putting off his masquing suite,  
*Apollo* representing now no more,  
His habit gave, his vizor, ivory Lute  
To pages, that sweet Cedar torches bore,  
Appearing now a Prince as heretofore,  
Who with the nine young gallants went about  
New dances, and to take the Ladies out.

277.

Now as the Prince did gracefully present  
Himselfe to *Mellefant*, it did betyde  
As he did kisse her hand in complement,  
Upon her finger he the ring espy'd  
He gave in bed, which to her wrist was ty'd  
With a blacke ribon, as if she did feare  
To lose a jewell she did prise so deare.

278.

Prince *Leoline* assur'd was by that ring,  
That he with Princeesse *Mellefant* had layne,  
Whereas indeed there ne're was such a thing ;  
Such was his courage he could not refraine  
To court the Princeesse in an amorqus straine:  
For while he danc't with her, his eies exprest  
Those flames of love that burnt within his brest.

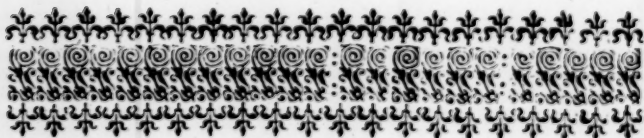
279.

But now it growing late, and night farre spent,  
The Bransles being danc't, the revels ended,  
The Princes Masque did give all eies content,  
Who by King *Demot* highly was commended,  
On whom both he and Masquers all attended,  
Who to a stately roome were forthwith guided,  
Whereas a sumptuous banquet was provided.

Which

280.

Which being finisht, the late houre of night  
 Requir'd, that all the company should part,  
 Prince *Leoline* adjourne must his delight  
 Untill next day, for now his amorous hart  
 Was quite shot through with *Cupids* golden dart:  
 Nor could he pleasure or contentment want;  
 Who thought he enjoy'd the beautilous *Mellefant*.

*Explicit Pars Tertia.*

281.

**T**he Crescent-crowned Empreffe of the floud  
 Had vayled thrice her face from mortals sight,  
 And having thrice in opposition stood  
 Unto her brother, borrow'd thrice his light  
 Since that auspicious happy pleasant night,  
 That beautifull *Amanthus* first had bin  
 A bed-fellow unto Prince *Leoline*.

282.

But well away, for like a man that stands  
 With unsure footing on the slippery ice,  
 Or one that builds a house upon the sands,  
 Such is this worlds joy: Fortune in a trice  
 Can alter so the chances of the dice,  
 Our clearest day of mirth e're it be past,  
 With clouds of sorrow oft is overcast.

And

283.

And now alas quite alter'd is the Scène  
From joy to sadnesse, and from weale to woe;  
The purblinde goddesse Fortune knowes no meane,  
For either she must raise or overthrow:  
Our joy no sooner to the height doth growe,  
But either it is taken quite away,  
Or like a withering floure it doth decay.

284.

Oh you sad daughters of darke night and hell,  
You Furies three, that shunning of the light,  
Among the buried worlds pale people dwell,  
And guilty consciences with ghosts affright,  
Assistants be to that I now must write  
*A lasso* with thy dim blew burning brand,  
Lend farall light to guide my trembling hand:

285.

For cheerefull day-light will not lend a beame,  
My teare downe-dropping drery quill to guide,  
By which that may be read, which now's my Theame  
In dusky clouds the Sun his face will hide,  
And to behold these lines will not abide,  
For they will make the rosie blushing morrow  
Looke deadly pale, to see *Amanthis* sorrow.

286.

For why, it fortun'd so, that the next day  
After the Masque and Revels all were done,  
That *Leoline* as fresh as floures in may,  
To prosecute that victory he had wonne,  
And finish that was happily begun,  
Unto the Princeesse *Mellicant* he went,  
His love and humble service to present.

L

Whom

287.

Whom happily he found ( his lucke was such  
Through his kinde favouring starres ) sitting alone  
Upon an imbrocated tiffue couch,  
Enricht with pearle and many a pretious stone :  
As then attendants neer her there was none  
Save onely faire *Amanthis*, who had bin  
Discourfing to her of Prince *Leoline*.

288.

Who feeing him, rofe whence that fhe was fet,  
And he with low obeifance kift her hand :  
My Lord, Quoth *Mellefant*, fince we are met  
If twere my happineffe to underftand  
The French, that I might know what you command,  
And that we two together might conferre,  
Without *Amanthis* our interpreter.

289.

The Prince upon the couch fet by her fide,  
Making his face more lovely with a fmile,  
In her owne language to her thus reply'd,  
Madam ( quoth he ) twere pittie to beguile  
You any longer, for though all this while  
I feem'd a Frenchman ; yet truth fhall evince,  
That I your faithfull fervant am a Prince.

290.

Faire *Mellefant* with fudden joy surpris'd,  
A rofie blufh her dainty cheeks did ftaine,  
My Lord ( quoth fhe ) although you liv'd disguis'd,  
How is it, that fo foone you did obtaine  
Our Brittifh tongue ? He answered her againe,  
Madam ( quoth he ) caufes muft not be fought  
Of miracles by your rare beauty wrought.

291.

But wonder not, for though King *Dermot* throne  
Is sever'd by greene *Nereus* briny maine  
From the firme Brittish continent, yet one  
Are both the laws and language those retaine,  
O're whom the King of Erinland doth reigne,  
And those, who great King *Arnon* do obay,  
Who doth the old Symerian Scepter sway.

292.

Whose Kingdome all those provinces containes  
Betweene swift Deva's streames upon the East,  
Who tumbling from the hils frets through the plaines,  
And great Saint *Georges* Chanell on the West,  
Where the fierce Ordovices, and the rest  
Of the ne're conquer'd warlick Brittons bold,  
In hils, and caves their habitations hold.

293.

Nor hath his spacious kingdome there an end,  
But from the stormy Northerne Oceans shore,  
Unto the fall of Dovy doth extend,  
Whose springs from highest mountaines falling o're  
Steepe rocks, like Niles loud Catadups do rore,  
Whose christall streames along the rivers brinke  
The stout *Dimetæ*, and *Silures* drinke.

294.

Whose Ancestors after *Deucalions* flood,  
First peop'd Erinland long time agoe,  
Whose off-Spring is deriv'd from Brittous blood,  
And is thereof but an extraction:  
Now both these Nations may againe be one;  
And since they are derived from one stem,  
They may be joyned in one Diadem.

295.

If you, most faire of Princesses, shall daigne  
 A kinde alliance with the Brittish Crowne,  
 And in your bed and bosome entertaine  
 A Lover that shall adde to your renowne:  
 For such a noble match will make it knowne  
 For an undoubted truth, that Princes hands  
 Doe not alone joyne hearts, but unite lands.

296.

To this the beautious *Mellefant* reply'd,  
 And sed, Faire Prince, were the election mine,  
 Your noble motion should not be deny'd:  
 For little Rhethorick would suffice t'encline  
 A Lady to affect Prince *Leoline*.  
 Few words perswade a heart already bent  
 To amorous thoughts, to give a fit consent.

297.

But my choyce is not totally my owne,  
 Wherein we Princes are unfortunate:  
 Fit Suitors to us there are few or none;  
 We must be rul'd by reasons of the state,  
 Which must our lives and actions regulate:  
 The country mayds are happier then we,  
 To whom the choyce of many swaines is free.

298.

But we must wooe by picture, and beleive,  
 For all the inward beauties of the minde,  
 Such lineaments the painters colours give:  
 We ought be Phisiognomers, to finde  
 Whether the soul be well or ill enclin'd:  
 Besides, when kingdomes do ally as friends,  
 They know no love, nor kindred, but for ends.



299.

Yet I have had the happinesse to see  
And to converse with you, wherein I am  
More fortunate than other Princes be,  
Seeing your person er'e I knew your name :  
And now your vertues, greater than your fame,  
Needs not the treaties of Embassadours,  
To make the heart of *Mellefant* all yours.

300.

Onely my fathers leave must be obtain'd,  
Er'ewe our nuptiall rites do celebrate,  
Whose liking and consent when you have gain'd,  
( Wherein I wish you may be fortunate )  
You are his kingdomes heire, and this whole state  
Shall do you homage, and the race that springs  
From us, shall reigne in Erinland as Kings,

301.

And rule those antient Scepts, which heretofore  
Had soveraigne power, and petit Princes were  
The great *O Neale*, *O Dannel* and *O More*  
*O Roche*, *O Hanlon*, and the fierce *Macquere*,  
*Mac Mahon* erst begotten of a Beare,  
Among those woods not pierc't by Summers Sun,  
Where the swift Shenan, and cleare Lessy run.

302.

Under those shades the tall growne Kerne, content  
With Shamrockes and such cates the woods afford,  
Seekes neither after meat, nor condiment,  
To store his smoakie Cothery, or bord,  
But clad in trouses, mantle, with a sword  
Hang'd in a weyth, his feltred glib sustaines  
Without a hat, the weather, when it raines.

303.

The Lordly Tanist with his Skenie and Durke,  
 Who placeth all felicity in ease,  
 And hardly gets his lazy churles to worke,  
 Who rather chose to live as Saluages,  
 Than with their garroones to breake up the Lease  
 Of firtile fields, but do their plow-shares tye  
 To horses tailes, a barbarous husbandry.

304.

But as it is foretold in prophesies,  
 Who writ on barks of trees, a mayden Queene  
 Hereafter Erinland shall civilize,  
 And quite suppressethose Salvage rites have beette  
 Amongst us, as they never had beene seene :  
 This Queene must of the Britrish blood descend,  
 Whose fame unto the worlds poles shall extend.

305.

Who raigning long, her sexes brightest glory,  
 All after ages ever shall admire :  
 True vertues everlasting Type and story,  
 Who then her, when it can ascend no higher,  
 She like a virgin *Phanix* shall expire.  
 And if old wizards antient sawes be true,  
 This royall Princeesse must ascend from you.

306.

Who hath observ'd the gentle Westerne winde,  
 And scene the fragrant budding Damaske rose,  
 How that it spreads and opens, he will finde  
 When *Zephyrus* calme breath upon it blowes,  
 Even so the Princes heart one may suppose  
 Dilated was with joy within his brest,  
 Hearing the speeches *Mellefant* exprest.

307.

Towhom with looks and countenance debonaire,  
He onely made this short, but sweet reply:  
Madam ( quoth he ) were not you the most faire  
That ever hath bin fam'd in hiltory,  
Or shall be scene by late posterity,  
There might remaine a hope, that there might be  
An age hereafter happier than we.

308.

But since that you are Natures paragon  
Not by her selfe e're to be paralleld,  
Since heaven's, the ring, and you the pretious stone,  
Yet never equal'd, therefore not excell'd,  
Those happy eies that have your forme beheld,  
Must close themselves in darkenesse, and dispaire  
Of ever seeing one so heavenly faire.

309.

For when to liberall Nature she had spent  
The quintessence of all her pretious store,  
To make one glorious Phoenix, her intent  
Perchance was to have form'd two, or more:  
But wanting of materialls she forbore:  
So is she now enforc'd not to make two  
Such as your selfe, but by dissolving you.

310.

Therefore that glorious Queene of all perfection,  
That is foretold in after times to reigne,  
Will be but of your selfe a recollection:  
Who *Asph*-like, will be reviv'd againe;  
For your divinest parts will still remaine  
Unmixt, and the uniting of your frame  
Will alter nothing of you, but your name.

311.

For as a soveraigne Prince doth honor give  
 To's presence chamber, though he be not there ;  
 So you, though for a while you do not live  
 On earth, but in some bright coelestiall Sphære,  
 Yet is your presence chamber every where,  
 For that it is the whole world here belowe,  
 To which your servants do obeyfance owe.

312.

This interchange of courtship 'twixt these lovers  
 Continued till the day was well neere spent,  
 And *Venus* setting in the West, discovers  
 The path and tracke where *Phabus* chariot went.  
 To get King *Dermots* fatherly consent,  
 Was now the onely businesse to be done,  
 To consummate those joyes that were begun.

313.

But O you weird sterne fatall Sisters three,  
 O Lachesis, that mortalls threds dost twine!  
 O influence of starrs, that causes bee,  
 Though not compulsive, yet our wills encline:  
 You yet disclose not to Prince *Leoline*,  
 Of this his forward love the sad event,  
 Nor of his match the strong impediment.

314.

For now *Amanthis* either must oppose  
 His marriage, for by her it must be crost,  
 And consequently must her selfe disclose,  
 Or she is utterly undone, and lost.  
 Thus like a ship 'twixt winde and tyde sore tost,  
 Not knowing how to take about or veere,  
 She wanted skill to weld the sterne or steere.

315.

For first she thought such was the Princes truth,  
As that he would rejoyce that he had found  
*Amantibu* retransformed from a youth  
To *Sydanus*, whom he believ'd was drown'd,  
With double joyes their hearts should now be crown'd,  
For all the bitternesse they both did taste,  
Should with contentment sugred be at last.

316.

And though we be no better for delight  
That's done and gone, nor yet the worse for paine :  
When it is past, no more than is the sight,  
For glorious species, which it did retaine :  
Or care for hearing some harsh musicke straine,  
The present being that, which we enjoy,  
Whether it be of pleasure, or annoy.

317.

Yet as in dreams the memory suggests  
Unto the fantasie things that have beene,  
But are no more, so a remembrance rests  
In her, of all her anguish and her teene ;  
And of those sorrowfull dayes that she had seene,  
Which like a fearefull dreame once passed o're  
That 'twas not true makes her rejoyce the more.

318.

For she not knowing of the fascination  
Was practis'd on the Prince in's marriage bed,  
Might thinke an over strong imagination,  
Sending venereall spirits to the head,  
Had left the part of generation dead,  
Too much desire in love being oft a let  
And makes that fall, which men upright would set.

M

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319.

But passing that, the Princessse having try'de  
 With *Leoline*, whom she so oft beguil'd,  
 Compleatly all the pleasures of a bride,  
 And by him being young conceiv'd with child,  
 She thought she should be fully reconcyl'd  
 Unto King *Arnon*, when it did appeare  
 That *Leoline* and she both living were:

320.

And that the warre King *Arnon* had begun,  
 ( Of which she had but lately heard ) should cease  
 She bringing to him a young Prince, a sonne,  
 And all should be concluded with a peace,  
 Before their two old parents did decease.  
 These pleasant thoughts, like shapes scene in a gl  
 Set in a street, through her cleere soule did passe.

321.

But as in March the Sun then shining faire,  
 Is often by the Sout hwindes stormy blast,  
 Chacing the clouds, and troubling the ayre,  
 With blacke and gloomy curtaines over-cast,  
 Which longer than serenity doth last,  
 So some sad thoughts orespread *Amantibus* soule,  
 Which all her thoughts of pleasure did controule.

322.

For to declare herselfe she was afeard,  
 To be the consort of the Princes bed,  
 Since she should crosse herselfe, who had averr'd  
 To *Leoline*, that *Sydanis* was dead,  
 And so for lying should be censured,  
 Or should as an Imposter be accus'd,  
 Who with false shoves had all the Court abus'd.

Besides

323.

Besides, this circumstance augments her feare,  
If she should say she from Carleon fled,  
She must discover what had hapned there,  
She knew no other but her Nurse was dead,  
For whom her life might well be questioned,  
And therefore in this case it her behov'd,  
To say something that might not be disprov'd.

324.

But she not knew nor ship, nor Princes name  
Pretended to be shipwreckt, nor could give  
Account how she unto Eblana came,  
So probably that men might her believe :  
This exigent her very soule did grieve,  
That she must say it with a serious brow,  
That she was come, and yet could not tell how.

325.

Besides, she did imagine if she sayd  
She was Duke *Leons* daughter, none did know  
Her to be such, and being now no mayd,  
Though formerly the Prince had left her so,  
When from her bridall bed he meant to go,  
Though she assumed *Sydanis* her name,  
The Prince might thinke her like, yet not the same.

326.

Or presuppose Prince *Leoline* did know  
That she was *Sydanis*, yet having set  
His love on *Mellefant*, he might not show  
That he did know her, and so she might get  
The reputation of a Counterfet :  
Besides, she comming closely to his bed,  
She could not prove he got her maidenhead.

M 2

More-

327.

Moreover if all truths should be disclos'd,  
 And things knowne really ; which she did faine,  
 That all this while Prince *Leoline* suppos'd  
 That he with Princeesse *Mellefant* had laine :  
 For such a foule asperſion, and a ſtaine  
 Caſt on her Honour, (although not intended )  
 Faire *Mellefant* might juſtly be offended.

328.

And ſo on every ſide perplex't and griev'd,  
 She of all lyars ſhould have the reward,  
 As when they ſpeake truth not to be believ'd,  
 She could not eaſily mend what ſhe had marr'd.  
 Thus with the woſull *Sydanis* it ſar'd,  
 Who truſting over-much to her diſguiſe,  
 Falls by it into theſe calamities.

329.

O aged father, Times faire daughter Truth,  
 Of all divine intelligences beſt,  
 What Sages erſt have ſed of thee is ſooth,  
 Thou haſt a window made in thy white breſt,  
 And art moſt lovely when thou art undreſt.  
 Thou ſeek'ſt no corners thy bright ſelfe to hide,  
 Nor bluſheſt though thou naked art eſpyde.

330.

Thou needeſt not a *fucus* or diſguiſe,  
 To cover thee thou putt'ſt on no new faſhion,  
 Nor with falſe ſemblance doſt deludemens eyes,  
 Like thy baſe zany damn'd equivocacion,  
 Thou want'ſt no comment, nor interpretation,  
 And for maintayning thee, though men be blam'd  
 And ſuffer for a while, yet ne're art ſham'd.

Yet



331.

Yet what thou art must not alwayes be told,  
For'tis convenient thou thy selfe should'st hide,  
Till thy old Sire thy beauties do unfold:  
Then as pure gold upon the touchstone try'd,  
That finers hottest furnace doth abide,  
Or like a palme tree thou dost flourish best,  
When thou hast bin by ignorance suppress't.

332.

And so although necessity requir'd  
That truth of things should now be brought to light,  
That period of time was not expir'd,  
Wherein this Lady *Sydanis* the bright  
Should show her selfe, for which she often fight',  
Who now with showres of teares her eies had made,  
As if two Suns in watery clouds did wade.

333.

But as the Lilly when as *Bartholmew*,  
Summers last Saint, hath ushered in the frost,  
Wet, with the long nights cold, and chilly dew,  
Her luster and her verdure both are lost,  
And seems to us as she were dead almost:  
So grieve and sorrow quickly did impaire  
The lovely face of *Sydanis* the faire.

334.

Who weeps away her eies in pearly showres,  
Rais'd by her sighs, as by a Southerne winde,  
She prayes to *Venus* and the heavenly powers,  
That they in their high providence would finde  
Some means to ease her sad and troubled minde:  
And though despaire unto the height was growne,  
She might enjoy that yet, which was her owne.

335.

Her prayers are heard, for the next dawning day  
 Prince *Leoline*, and *Mellefant* both went  
 ( True love not brooking any long delay )  
 Unto King *Dermot*, with a full intent  
 To aske and get his fatherly consent.  
 These Princes loves on wings of hope did fly,  
 That the King neither could, or would deny.

336.

But their designe they brought to no effect,  
 Being commenc't in an unlucky houre,  
 No planet being in his course direct,  
 And *Saturne* who his children doth devour  
 From his Northeast darke Adamantine tower  
 Beheld the waining Moone and retrograde,  
 A time unfit for such affaires had made.

337.

They should have made election of a day  
 Was fortunate, and fit to speake with Kings,  
 When the Kings planet, Sol's propitious ray,  
 Who great affaires to a wisht period brings,  
 And is predominant in all such things ;  
 When *Jupiter* aspecting with the Trine,  
 His daughter *Venus* did benignly shine.

338.

This was the cause proceeding from above,  
 Which Clerks do call inevitable fate  
 That was the hindrance of these Princes love,  
 And made them in their Suit unfortunate :  
 But yet their was another cause of state,  
 Which was so maine an obstacle and let,  
 That they the Kings consent could never get.

339.

For that Embassadour which lieger lay,  
Sent to Eblana in King *Albions* name,  
Who as you heard was feasted that same day  
That to the Court Prince *Leoline* first came,  
And *Mellefant* conceiv'd her amorous flame,  
A treatie of a marriage had begun  
For, her with Prince *Andragios*, *Albions* sonne ;

340.

And had so farre advanc't it, that the King  
With all his privy counsels approbation,  
Had condescended unto every thing  
That might concerne the weale of either nation ;  
For this alliance would lay a foundation  
Of a firme future peace, and would put downe  
That enmity was erst 'twixt either crowne.

341.

And now the time prefixt was come so neere  
Th'Embassadour had got intelligence,  
Within ten dayes *Andragios* would be there  
In person, his owne love-suit to commence,  
And consummate with all magnificence  
His marriage, and performe those nuptiall rites  
Wherein bright *Cynthia* so delights.

242.

This weigh'd, King *Dermot* could not condescend,  
Nor give way to Prince *Leolines* affection,  
Unlesse he should *Andragios* offend,  
Who now of his alliance made election,  
The breach whereof might cause an insurrection  
Among his people, if that they should see  
Him breake a Kings word, which should sacred bee.

And

343.

And now although Prince *Leoline* repented,  
 He ever love to *Mellefant* profest,  
 Yet because no man should go discontented  
 From a great King, he as a Princely guest  
 Was us'd with all the noblest, fairest, best  
 Respects of curtesie, and entertain'd  
 While that he in King *Dermots* Court remain'd.

344.

But like to one that's into prison cast,  
 Though he enjoy both of the eie and eare,  
 All choycest objects, and although he tast  
 Ambrosiall cates; yet while that he is there  
 Wanting his liberty, which is most deare,  
 He nothing relishes, for nothing cares,  
 Even so now with Prince *Leoline* it fares.

345.

Who now disconsolate, and being barr'd,  
 All hopes of marrying *Mellefant* the faire,  
 Missing that ayme he nothing did regard,  
 And since he must not be King *Dermots* heire,  
 He thought that nought that damage could repaire,  
 Himselfe as one he captivated deem'd,  
 And *Dermots* Court to him a prison seem'd.

346.

Now as a tempest from the Sea doth rise,  
 Within his minde arose this stormy thought,  
 How that the princeesse justly might despise  
 His cowardise, who by all meanes had sought  
 To win her love, if he not having foughr  
 A combate with *Androgios*, he should go  
 Or steale away from her that lov'd him so.

Although

347.

Although to fight, no valour he did want,  
Nor wisht a nobler way his life to end,  
If vanquisht he should lose both *Mellefant*  
And he King *Dermot* highly should offend,  
Who all this while had bin his royall friend,  
Love well begun should have a bad conclusion,  
And kindnesse find an unkinde retribution.

348.

But more, if he should secretly attempt  
By means to take King *Dermot*'s life away,  
Nothing his guilty conscience would exempt  
From terror that so foully would betray,  
Fowls of the ayre such treason would bewray:  
For ravens by their croking would disclose  
(Pecking the earth) such horrid acts as those.

349.

If he with *Mellefant* away should steale,  
And carry her where they might not be found,  
Yet time at last such secrets would reveale:  
For by that act he should her honor wound.  
Who for her modesty had bin renown'd,  
And he then *Paris* should no better speed,  
Of whose sad end you may in *Dares* read.

350.

One while in him these noble thoughts had place,  
Which did reflect on honorable fame:  
Another while he thought how that in case  
He stole away, men could not him more blame,  
Then erst *Aeneas*, who had done the same  
To *Dido*, and that very course had taken,  
Leaving the lovely Carthage Queene forsaken.

351.

Injurious story, which not onely serv'it  
 To keep the names of *Heroes* from rust,  
 But in thy brazen register preserv'it  
 The memories, and acts of men unjust,  
 Which otherwise had bin buried with their dust,  
 But for thy blacke darke soule there no man had  
 Examples to avoid for what is bad.

352.

For had it not in *Annals* bin recorded,  
 That *Theseus* from the *Minotaur* was freed  
 By *Ariadne*, time had not afforded  
 A president for such a horrid deed,  
 For when King *Minos* daughter had agreed  
 To steale away with him his beautious thest,  
 A sleep on *Naxos* defarts rocks he left.

353.

An act deserving hels blacke imprecation  
 So cruell, that it cannot be exprest  
 To leave a Princely Lady in such fashion,  
 That had receav'd him to her bed and brest,  
 All after ages should this fact detest:  
 For this his treason rendred him all o're,  
 A greater monster then the *Minotore*.

354.

Returning home to Greece he had not taught  
*Demophon*, by faire *Phadra* his false sonne,  
 When he had King *Lycurgus* daughter brought  
 Unto his bowe, and her affection wonne,  
 Perfidiously away from her to runne,  
 Leaving faire *Phillis*, and so caus'd that she  
 Did hang her selfe upon an Almond tree.

355.

Yet these examples scarce mov'd *Leoline*,  
And scarce his resolution chang'd at all  
For *Mellefant*, for he could not divine,  
If she by tasting sorrows bitter 'st gall,  
Upon the sharpe point of a sword should fall :  
Or *Phyllis* like impatient of delay,  
Would with a halter make her selfe away.

356.

It may be she like *Ariadne* might  
( Though she her Virgin bloom had *Theseus* given )  
Marry god *Bacchus*, and her tresses bright  
Be afterward exalted up to heaven,  
There for to shine among the planets seaven :  
For justice is not so severe and strict  
As death on all offenders to inflict.

357.

Besides he did remember, should he looke  
On authors, he should many women finde,  
That had their loves, and paramours forsooke,  
And prov'd to them unconstant, and unkinde.  
'Mongst other stories he did call to minde,  
That of the fairy *Creseid*, who instead  
Of faithfull *Troilus* lov'd false *Diomed*.

358.

And if there were as many women found  
As men, in love unconstant, and untrue,  
He t thought, that he in conscience was not bound  
To render love for love, but while 'twas due,  
And so might leave an old love for a new,  
Besides he thought *Androgios* might be  
A braver, and a comelier man then he.

359.

And being higher both in birth and place  
 Then he, and heire to a more antient crown,  
 Hethought that *Mellefant* in such a case  
 Will do like women, all preferre their owne  
 Preheminence, precedence, and renowne,  
 And so she in a short time would forget,  
 All that affection she on him had set.

360.

And as for Prince *Androgios*, though he could  
 Have wisht he had not *Mellefant* desil'd,  
 With whom he thought that he had bin too bold:  
 Yet if 'twere so, that she was not with child,  
 The Prince as other men might be beguil'd,  
 As surfling water, or such art might hide  
 Secrets by Midwives not to be descry'd.

361.

And therefore he resolved not to fight,  
 Unlesse *Androgios* challeng'd him, for so  
 Such privacies he thought might come to light,  
 That were unfit for any man to know.  
 He therefore did determine he would goe  
 Unto Carnarvan, and there would abide,  
 Till fortune show'd what after should betide.

362.

Our purposes, and things which we intend,  
 Have not substance of themselves alone,  
 For on the heavenly powers they do depend  
 As the earth gives birth to every seed is sowne,  
 Which after to maturity is growne:  
 For starres not onely forme all our intents,  
 But shape the means to further the events.



363.

For now to further this his resolution,  
Those starres, which at his birth benignly shone  
In his first house, by annuall revolution,  
Unto his mirth, the house of dreams was gone,  
Of journeys, and peregrination  
*Significator*, and the Moone now new,  
To *Phæbus* bosome her darke-felfe withdrew.

364.

All this conspir'd to further a designe  
Which *Sydanis* resolv'd to put in act,  
For understanding by Prince *Leoline*  
That there had never bin any contract  
'Twixt him and *Mellefant*, she nothing lackt  
But some fine neat device, whereof the doing  
Should be the cause of *Leolines* speedy going.

365.

For he once being from Eblana gone,  
It was her resolution and intent  
(In claime of that which justly was her owne)  
To follow him where ever that he went,  
All thoughts of future marriage to prevent,  
For rather then endure such stormes as those  
She had abid, her-felfe she would disclose.

366.

And thus it hap't when from the frozen North  
Night and her consort dull dew dropping sleepe  
Arose, and drouzy *Morpheus* had let forth  
Fantasticke dreames which he in caves doth keepe,  
When mortals all their cares in Lethe sleepe,  
And darkenesse with *Cymerian* foggy dampe,  
Extinguist for a while heavens glorious Lampe.

367.

What time the silent houres their wheels had driven  
 Over the sable clouds of dusky night,  
 And were arriv'd as high as the mid heaven,  
 Dividing from the Hemisphere of light,  
 The other halfe in robes of darkenesse dight :  
 As *Leoline* lay sleeping in his bed,  
 A pleasant vision did possesse his head.

368.

He dreamt he saw Duke *Leons* Palace, where  
 There was all pompe and bravery exprest,  
 All objects might delight the eie, or eare  
 With preparation for a sumptuous feast,  
 Which unto *Calums* honor was addrest.  
 For in a Temple, that was high and wide,  
 He thought he first Duke *Leon* had descry'd.

369.

Kneeling he seem'd by the high Altars side  
 With eies uncast, and hands to heaven upspread,  
 All which the Duke devoutly having ey'd,  
 High in the clouds appeared over head  
*Joves* mighty Eagle carrying Ganymede,  
 Who gently downe descending from above,  
 Did seeme as sent unto the Duke from *love*.

370.

Lighting upon the ground the Eagle set  
 Her lovely load, in presence of the Duke,  
 Which est soons did a wonder strange beget,  
 For while he stedfastly did on it looke,  
 The person that for *Ganymede* he rooke,  
 Was *Sydanis* his daughter, and so seem'd  
 Unto the sleeping Prince, who of her dream'd.

371.

From whom as now the Eagle was to part,  
And touring to returne up to the skies,  
She suddenly seiz'd on *Sydanis* her heart,  
And having rent it out away she flies,  
This sight with such a horror did surpise  
The sleeping Prince, that every member quakes,  
And in a cold sweat *Leoline* awakes.

372.

Awak't with feare Prince *Leoline* beheld  
A stranger and a farre more ominous sight,  
Which all his dreame and fantasies expell'd,  
For by his bed side in a glimmering light  
Stood *Sydanis* in fairy habit dight,  
To whom she did a low obeysance make,  
And afterwards to this effect she spake.

373.

Illustrious Prince (quoth she) whom various Fate,  
Guiding the helme of thy affaires in love,  
Did first make happy, then unfortunate,  
Yet at the last to thee will constant prove,  
And will eftsóones those errours all remove,  
Which heretofore have been, or else may be,  
Impediments to thy felicity.

374.

Fate wils not that thou longer shouldst remaine  
In false beliefe, thy *Sydanis* is dead,  
Or that thou with faire *Mellefant* hast laine,  
Or hast enjoy'd her virgin-Maidenhead.  
'Twas I by night came to thee in her stead,  
Who am a Fairy, an Inhabitant  
Of another world, for 'twas not *Mellefant*.

For

375.

For 'twixt the Center and circumference  
 Of this great Globe of earth (Prince) thou shalt know  
 There is another fairy world, from whence  
 We through the earth, as men through ayre, do go  
 Without resistance passing to and fro,  
 Having nor Sun, nor Moone, but a blew light,  
 Which makes no difference 'twixt our day and night.

376.

In this our world there is not a thing here,  
 Upon this globe of earth, man, woman, tree,  
 Plant, herbe, or flower, but just the same is there,  
 So like it hardly can distinguish bee,  
 Either in colour, or in shape, for wee  
 Are all ayeriall Phantoms, and are fram'd,  
 As Pictures of you, and are Fairyes nam'd.

377.

And as you mortals we participate  
 Of all the like affections of the minde.  
 Wee joy, wee grieve, wee feare, wee love, wee hate,  
 And many times forsaken our owne kinde,  
 Wee are in league with mortals so combine,  
 As that in dreams wee ly with them by night,  
 Begetting children, which do Changelings hight.

378.

To those we love, and in whom we take pleasure  
 From Diamantine chests we use to bring  
 Gold, Jewels, and whole heaps of fairy treasure,  
 Summes that may be the ransom of a King,  
 On those wee hate, wee many times do fling  
 Blindenesse, and lamenesse, that unhallowed goe  
 To crope of fairy branch the Mistletoe.

Amongst

379.

Amongst us is thy *Sydanis*, of whom  
I am the Genius, for erst so it chanc't,  
As flying from Carleon, she did come,  
And too neere to our Fary rounds advanc't,  
Whereas at midnight wee the *Faryes* danc't ;  
King *Oberon* straight seiz'd her as his prey,  
As *Pluto* erst took *Proserpine* away :

380.

And carrying her downe to Fary land,  
Hath on a downy Couch layd her to sleepe,  
With Orange blossoms strow'd, with a command,  
Queene *Mab*, and all her Elves should safe her keepe,  
Till thou repassing o're the briny deepe,  
Shalt to King *Arnon* thy old Sire returne,  
Whom causelesse thou so long hast made to mourne,

381.

Which if thou do not instantly performe,  
Blacke Elves shall pinch thee, Goblins shall affright  
Thy restlessle soule ; at Sea an hideous storme,  
With deaths blacke darkenesse, shall thy dayes benight.  
Having thus sayd, that borrow'd beame of light,  
Which as you heard did from the stone arise,  
Vanisht, and hid her from the Princes eies.

382.

Who now beleev'ing he had scene an Elfe,  
A messenger by *Oberon* imploy'd,  
He forthwith rose, and erst soones drest himselfe  
(The better all suspition to avoyd)  
In a blacke habit of his Squire *Floyd*,  
And ere the Sun toucht the East Horizon,  
Putting to Sea, he out of kenne was gone.

*Explicit pars quarta.*

O

And

383.

And now old *Saturne*, whom Clerks *Chronos* call,  
 Of nature cold and dry, of motion slow,  
 Author of all misfortunes, that befall  
 To men and their affaires, malignant so,  
 Was shortly from his *Apoge* to go,  
 To his exile, and *Iove* was to ascend,  
 And so these lovers troubles all should end.

384.

Benigne bright King of stars, who hast forfooke  
*Iuno*, the stately Consort of thy bed,  
 And downe-descending to the earth, hast tooke  
 Strange shapes, of mortals be'ng enamored,  
 Who were not onely metamorphosed  
 By thee, but taken up into the skies,  
 And shining, sit amongst the Deities ;

385.

Hasten thy rising to thy glorious Throne,  
 And sitting on thy Saphir'd Arch in state,  
 Looke on those Princes that have undergone  
 The dire effects of thy sterne Fathers hate,  
 Which, as thou art a King, commiserate,  
 And when that thou hast ended every thing,  
 My Muse unto this stories period bring.

386.

For yet the storme is not quite overpast,  
 Nor suddenly will all these troubles end :  
 With *Saturnes* frowns the heaven is overcast,  
 And clouds of sorrow, shoures of teares portend :  
 For while that *Leoline* his course doth bend,  
 And is arrived at Carnarvans port,  
 The Scène of woe lyes in King *Dermots* Court.

387.

For now no sooner did the Rosie morne,  
( Which summons drowfie Mortals from their rest )  
Her dewy locks in *Tbetis* glasse adorne,  
And *Phæbus* steeds in flaming trappings drest,  
From the low North, ascended up the East ,  
But it through all the Court was forthwith knowne,  
How that Prince *Leoline* away was gone.

388.

Of which a messenger did tydings bring  
To *Sydanis*, and Princessie *Mellefant* :  
Who forthwith did relate them to the King :  
Who of his goings cause being ignorant,  
Affirm'd, that he civility did want,  
Who did so many curtesies receive,  
And went away without taking his leave.

389.

Wonder possesse King *Dermot* royall heart  
With much regret, the Prince should leave him so :  
But *Mellefant*, she acts another part,  
Of doubtfull sorrow in this Scène of woe,  
For after him she was resolv'd to go :  
And under the black vaile of the next night  
She did determine for to take her flight.

390.

The very same faire *Sydanis* intends,  
Who in Eblana would no longer stay :  
Having on *Leoline* now had her ends,  
Glad that her Princely Lord was gone away,  
Too long and wearisome she thought the day :  
And blam'd as slow the ruffins of the Sun,  
That tow'rds the West they did no faster run.

O 2

But

391.

But at the last, night with a fable robe,  
 Rising from *Tenerus* her darke abode,  
 O'respread this halfe of th'univerfall globe,  
 Making the wolfe, bat, scritch-owle, and the road,  
 (The haters of the light) to come abroad,  
 When, wearied with his worke the day before,  
 The heavy plowman doth at midnight snore.

392.

Now *Mellefant* and *Sydanis*, who had  
 To fly away that night the same intent ;  
 That like a page, this like a ship-boy clad,  
 The better all suspition to prevent,  
 As they were wont unto their beds they went :  
 When as a gentle sleep did soon surpris'e  
 Faire *Sydanis*, and clos'd her Dove-like eies.

393.

But *Mellefant*, whose eies and heart receiv'd  
 No dull impressions of the night, nor rest,  
 To *Sydanis* bed-side stole unperceiv'd,  
 And got away the pages Suit ; so drest,  
 Therein she fled away, for that she guest,  
 That for the Princes page she should be taken,  
 That had of late King *Dermots* Court forsaken.

394.

Passing the corps de gard the watch did keep,  
 And place where Master Constable still sat,  
 (For they were all most cordially asleep)  
 She forthwith came unto the city gate,  
 And by the porter was let out thereat,  
 Passing unquestion'd, for when as she sayd  
 She was the Princes page, she was not stayd.



395.

Come to the key, where ships at anchor ride,  
An unexpected spectacle befalls,  
For on the shrouds of a tall ship the spy'd  
Two lights, that seem'd like two round fiery balls,  
A're all twins, the which the Seaman calls  
*Cassio* and *Pollux*, who be'ng seene together,  
Portend a happy voyage, and faire weather.

396.

But if that onely one of them appears  
Upon the hallyards of the ship, or masts,  
It is an ominous osse the Seaman feares,  
If not of shipwreck, yet of gusts and blasts:  
While she beheld, one of the balls downe-casts  
It selfe from the maine yard upon the shore,  
And as a walking fire went on before.

397.

This apparition somewhat terrifide  
The Princessse, who had now no power to go  
Elsewhere, but follow her fantasticke guide,  
And thus as they had wandred to and fro,  
About the time that the first cocke did crow,  
They came unto a woody hill, so high,  
The top did seeme to gore the starry skie.

398.

For like *Olympus* he did lift his head  
Above the middle region of the ayre,  
Where thunders, haile, and meteors are bred:  
For there the weather evermore was faire:  
Unto the top hereof this wandring paire  
Be'ng arriv'd, by many a passage steep,  
The wearied Princessse was cast in a sleep,

399.

On strowings layd, of never-fading flowers,  
Which on this hills sereneſt top had growne,  
She in ſweet dreams did paſſe the ſilent houres,  
Upon her a light coverlet was throwne,  
Made of the Peaches ſoft and gentle downe :  
Whom there I leave in no leſſe great a bliſſe  
Than was the ſorrow of faire *Sydanis*.

400.

Who having over-ſlept her ſelfe, did wake  
But halfe an houre before the breake of day ;  
To dreſſe her ſelfe ſhe all the ſpeed did make,  
Her ſelfe in Skippers habit to array,  
And tow' rds the port ſhe forthwith takes her way :  
But night and darkeneſſe her no longer hide,  
For e're ſhe got aboard ſhe was deſcry'd.

401.

Nights cloud upon the Eaſterne Horoſcope,  
Which like a ſleeping eie-lid hid the ſkie,  
Uplifted ſeem'd to wake, and ſet wide ope,  
Diſclos'd unto the world heavens glorious eie :  
The watch her apprehends immediatly,  
Conceiving her no Skippers boy to bee,  
Whoſe face and habit did ſo diſagree.

402.

Whether it were the then neere dawning day,  
Or els a native luſter of her owne,  
Which through her clothes her beauty did bewray,  
Which like a Carbuncle in darkeneſſe ſhone,  
It is uncertaine ; but ſhe yet unknowne,  
About the houre King *Dermot* us'd to riſe,  
Was brought unto the Court in this diſguiſe.

403.

O envious light betrayer of each plot,  
Lovers in darkenesse silently contrive.  
Disturbe not their affaires, they need thee not,  
Nor do not them of wished joyes deprive,  
Who to avoid thy piercing eie do strive:  
Converse with Gravers, who cut seals in bone,  
Or threescore faces on a cherry-stone.

404.

What hath this innocent beauty done to thee,  
That thou her life to danger should'st expose?  
But (light) we know it is thy propertie  
To conceale nothing, but all things disclose:  
For now about the time King *Dermot* rose,  
First a suspection, after, a report  
Was spread, that *Mellefant* was fled from Court.

405.

What miseries can Fate together twist,  
When she to ruine mortals doth intend!  
For now no sooner *Mellefant* was mist,  
Whose losse, King *Dermot* highly did offend,  
Who messengers to seeke her straight doth send,  
And while that they for the faire Princessse sought,  
Poore *Sydanis* is to King *Dermot* brought.

406.

Who seeing her in ship-boyes clothes disguis'd,  
Was more enraged than he was before:  
For now King *Dermot* instantly surmis'd,  
By that concealing habit which she wore,  
She was confederate, and therefore swore,  
Unlesse she told where *Mellefant* was fled,  
Upon a scaffold she should lose her head.

After

407.

After dire threats, and strict examination,  
 Sweet *Sydanis* (as was the truth) denying,  
 She neither knew the time, nor the occasion,  
 Nor manner of Princeesse *Mellefant* her flying,  
 Growne desperate, she cares not now for dying,  
 Nor any other kinde of torment, since  
 She may not go to her beloved Prince.

408.

For *Sydanis* is into prison throwne,  
 In durance, and in fetters to remaine,  
 'Till where the Princeesse were it should be knowne,  
 Or that she to the Court should come againe.  
 Her keeper doth her kindly entertaine  
 In his best lodgings, whereas her restraint  
 Gave birth and vent to many a thousand plaint.

409.

Which here should be related, but you may  
 Conjecture what a wight in such a case,  
 Hopelesse of comfort and reliefe, would say,  
 Confin'd unto a solitary place,  
 In her lives danger and the Kings disgrace:  
 Unlessse through griefe she speechlesse were become:  
 Small sorrows speake, the greatest still are dumbe.

410.

But as a wood-man shooting with his bowe,  
 And afterwards pursuing with his hound  
 An innocent and silly harmelesse Doe,  
 Doth kill her not so soone, as if a stound  
 He suffer her to grieve upon her wound,  
 And tapisht in a brake, to see the floud,  
 And sent the crimson torrent of her blood:

411.

So *Sydanis*, sad and disconsolate,  
Hath now an opportunity to grieve  
The dire affects of her malignant fate,  
Which nought but death could possibly releeve :  
Time onely seems to her a sad reprieve :  
To speake of her we for a while shall cease,  
Till some good hap procure her glad release.

412.

For now from womens passions and slight woe,  
After the Drums, and Clarions haughty sound,  
To speake the rage of Kings marching we go,  
Who roring like to Lions beeing bound  
With horrid grumblings do our eares confound :  
Blew cied *Bellona*, thou whom plumed art,  
The souldiers warlike mistresse, at this part.

413.

And thou sterne *Mars*, whose bands wet and imbru'd  
With raw fresh bleeding slaughters thou hast made  
Of foes, whom thou victorious hast subdu'd,  
Whirling about thy Caske thy conquering blade,  
Helpe me out of this Lake of bloud rowade,  
And smoothe the furrowes of thy frowning browe,  
As when thou erst did'st lovely *Venus* woe.

414.

King *Dermot* highly enraged for the losse  
Of Princeesse *Mellefant* his Kingdoms heire,  
Resolv'd, that with an army he would crosse  
The Brittish Seas, and straight his course would steere  
Unto besieg'd Carleon city, where,  
He would assist the Duke against his foe  
King *Arnon*, and his sonne that wrong'd him so.

P

For

415.

For now he thought he might be well assur'd,  
 His daughter with Prince *Leoline* combin'd,  
 Since his consent no wayes could be procur'd  
 For marrying her, he did a season finde  
 To steale away, and with a favouring winde,  
 He to his royall Sires, King *Armons* Court,  
 His prise like beauteous *Helen* would transport.

416.

Therefore to be reveng'd was all his care,  
 And for that purpose he a fleet would man,  
 Greater then *Menelaus* did prepare,  
 When he the bloody *Trojan* warre began,  
 And after ten years siege the city wan,  
 Putting to Sea from Aulis port in Greece,  
 Or *Iasons* fleet that fetcht the golden fleece.

417.

Upon the beating of King *Dermots* drum,  
 From *Ulsters* shrubby hills and quagmires foule  
 Of slight arm'd Kerne, forthwith a troope doth come,  
 Who in the furthest North do heare the owle  
 And wolves about their cabins nightly howle,  
 Which to all hardnesse have inured bin,  
 Eating raw beefe, halfe boyl'd in the coves skin.

418.

E're these were civiliz'd, they had no corne,  
 Nor us'd no tillage that might get them food,  
 But to their childrens mouths were newly borne,  
 They put upon a spears point dipt in bloud  
 Raw flesh, that so it might be understood,  
 That children growne up men should never feed,  
 But when that they had done some bloody deed.

These

419.

These Salvages whilst they did erst possesse  
Like Tartars, or the roving Scythian Nation  
Coleranes, or Monaghans wide wilder nesse,  
Having no Townes or any habitarion,  
They and their cattel still tooke up their station  
In grassy plains, and there a while abide,  
Where the deep *Eagh*, and fishfull *Dergb* do slide.

420.

More forces from the borders of Logh Erne  
Do come, which in small Islands dorth abound,  
In whose cleere bottome men may yet discern  
Houses and towers under the water drownd,  
Which divine justice sunke into the ground,  
For Sodomy, and such abominat ion,  
Men using beasts in carnall copulation.

421.

From Conaghs pleasant and more civill parts,  
Where Arbut trees do grow upon the coast,  
Horsemen well arm'd with glaves and with their darts,  
Unto the Army of King *Dermot* post,  
Making compleat the number of his host :  
Who like old Romans on their pads do ride,  
And Hobbies without stirrups do besstride.

422.

What counties, or what townes Mounster containes,  
Through whose faire Champian the smooth Boyndorth  
Send forces from their well manured plaines, (passe,  
Arm'd with the Halbert, and the Gally-glasse,  
The county that great *Desmonds* country was,  
With that of the most ancient Peere *Kildare*,  
Joyn'd with *Mac Arte*, for this warre prepare.

423.

To them the province Leinster doth unite  
 Her trained bands and warlike regiment,  
 Who use the pike and partizan in fight,  
 And who are from those towns and counties sent,  
 Whose fields the Barrow, Nore, and Shore indent  
 Three sister Rivers, whose cleere source begins  
 In the high woody mountaines of the *Glin*s.

424.

Unto these forces rais'd in Erinland,  
 Are joyn'd the highland Redthank and fierce Scor,  
 Of whom there comes a stout and numerous band,  
 Which up steep hills, as on plaine ground do trot,  
 As for Steele Armor they regard it not ;  
 Their barbed arrowes clos'd in a Calves skin,  
 To their Eugh bowes the quivers still have bin.

425.

The Army beeing shipt, the windes that blow  
 Over the vast Atlanticke Ocean,  
 Bred in high hills Westward of *Mexico*,  
 Who with their waving wings do coole and fanne  
 The Sun burnt Moore and naked Floridan,  
 Sending forth constantly their favouring gales,  
 Waft *Dermots* ships unto the coast of Wales.

426.

For now *Mars* Occidentall in the West,  
 Meridionall descending from the Line  
 Of the Moones mansion *Cancer* was posselt,  
 And sliding downe unto an ayery Signe,  
 Rais'd windes, that furrow'd up the Westerne brine.  
*Corus* and *Thracius* blowing still abast,  
 King *Dermots* ships do to Carleonwaft.



427.

But yet those blasts that were so prosperous,  
And *Dermot* in *Carleons* harbour set,  
Contrary were to Prince *Androgios*,  
And did his much desired voyage let:  
His ships out of the harbour could not get,  
But in it for full six weekes space they stayd,  
Waiting a winde, and never Anchor wayd.

428.

To passe for Erinland was his intent,  
With all the gallantry coyne could provide,  
And there to consummate his high content,  
In making beauteous *Mellefant* his Bride:  
But *Æolus* his passage hath deny'd,  
And unexpected, with Succors unsought,  
King *Dermot* to *Carleons* walls hath brought.

429.

Whose coming was no sooner told the Duke  
And Prince *Androgios*, but both went to meet  
King *Dermot* at the port, whereas they tooke  
In armes each other, and do kindly greet:  
Then through a long and well built spacious street,  
They to a stately Castle do ascend,  
Where for that night their complements they end.

430.

Next morrow from the Castles lofty towers,  
Whose mighty ruins are remayning yet,  
The Princes did behold King *Armons* powers,  
Which had *Carleon* city round beset:  
To whom Duke *Leon* full of just regret,  
And sorrow for his daughter, doth relate  
His wrongs and cause of his distressed state.

430.

King *Dermot*, swolne with ire and indignation,  
 And beeing no lesse sensible of grieffe,  
 Of his unheard of injuries makes relation,  
 Telling that he was come to the reliefe  
 Of *Leon*, to be wrecked on a theefe,  
 Who albeit that he were a Kings sonne,  
 A base and injurious fact had done.

431.

The noble Prince *Androgios* now resenting  
 His sufferings in the losse of *Mellefant*,  
 Whose marriage ( as he thought ) was past preventing,  
 With high-borne courage which no feare could daunt,  
 Besought the King and Duke, that they would grant  
 To him a boone, which was this, That he might  
 Challenge Prince *Leoline* to single fight.

432.

For by this time fame all abroad had spread,  
 Prince *Leoline* was backe return'd againe,  
 Whom erst King *Arnon* did helieve was dead,  
 And in Carnarvan Castle did remaine,  
 So now there nothing was that did restraine  
 The noble Prince *Androgios*, to demand  
 A single combat with him hand to hand.

433.

And to that end an Herald straight was sent  
 To *Leoline*, who in his right hand wore  
 A bloud-red Banner, as the argument  
 Of the defiance message that he bore ;  
 Behind upon his Taberd, and before,  
 A Lion rampant, and a Dragon red,  
 On Crimson Velvet were imbroidered.

434.

The Herald, whose approach none might debarre,  
Doth with a trumpet through the Army ride,  
Who bravely founded all the points of warre,  
Untill he came to the Pavilion side,  
Whereas Prince *Leoline* did then abide,  
And then the trumpeter effoons doth fall  
In lower warlike notes to found a call.

435.

The which no sooner *Leoline* had heard,  
But bravely mounted on a barbed Steed,  
He like a Princely gallant straight appear'd,  
To whom the Herald doth the challenge read :  
Which having done, he afterward with speed,  
( As is the forme when challenges are past )  
*Androgios* Gauntlet on the ground he cast.

436.

Prince *Leoline* commanding of his Page  
To take the Gauntlet up, briefly reply'd,  
Herald I do accept *Androgios* gage :  
Tell him the sword the quarrell shall decide,  
Of him, whom he unjustly hath defy'd :  
For three dayes hence in both our Armies fight,  
Wee will a noble single combat fight.

437.

The Herald backe return'd unto the King,  
Related how his message he had done,  
And to *Androgios* doth the answer bring  
Of *Leoline* : King *Albions* Princely sonne  
Hath for his forward valour honor wonne :  
Of whose resolves, and warlike preparation  
'Till the third day I respire the relation.

439.

Meane time the Druide *Morragh*, who hath bin  
 Thus long unmentioned, now chiefe Actor was,  
 Who though that he were absent, yet had seene  
 All that in Erinland had come to passe,  
 By meanes of a most wondrous Magicke glasse,  
 Which to his eie would represent and shew  
 All that the Wizard did desire to know.

440.

Which glasse was made according to the opinion  
 Of Chymists, of seven mettals purify'd,  
 Together melted under the dominion  
 Of those seven planets do their natures guide:  
 Then if it polisht be on either side,  
 And made in forme of circle, one shall see  
 Things that are past as well as those that bee.

441.

In this sayd glasse he saw the sad estate  
 Of *Sydanis*, who was in prison kept,  
 Who weeping in her silent chamber sate,  
 And *Mellefant*, who on the mountaine slept,  
 Whose passe the wandring fire did intercept:  
 And now this story must not end, before  
 The Druide both these Ladyes do restore.

442.

For they be those must put a happy end  
 To discords, and bring all to a conclusion,  
 And all that is amisse they must amend,  
 And put in order things are in confusion:  
 They of much blood must hinder the effusion:  
 Such vertues Ladies have, who are the blisse,  
 Which here in this world among mortalls is.

442.

Thrice ten degrees of the Eclipticke line,  
*Phæbus* ascending up had overpast,  
 And now had entred in another Signe,  
 From *Gemini*, whereas he harbour'd last,  
 Since *Mellefant* into a trance was cast,  
 And thirty jornies through nights silent shade  
 O're her nocturnall Arch the Moone had made.

443.

Who nightly riding o're the mountaines top,  
 Where *Mellefant* the sleeping Princessle lay,  
 Her silver Chariot there she still did stop,  
 And by the sleeping body us'd to stay,  
 Kissing, caressing, 'till neere breake of day,  
 Of her rare beauties now enamour'd more  
 Than of her lov'd *Endymion* heretofore.

444.

No longer could the Queene of night refraine  
 From kissing of her sweet and rubie lips:  
 Her kisses ended, she begins againe,  
 With gentle armes her Ivory necke she clips:  
 Her hands sometimes tow'rd parts more privat slips,  
 Curious inquisitive for to know the truth,  
 If one so rarely faire could be a youth.

445.

But as a theefe, that doth assurance lacke  
 At his first pilfring from a heap of gold,  
 Doth oft put forth his hand, oft pulls it backe,  
 Then puts it forth againe, then doth withhold:  
 So at the first *Cynthia* was not so bold  
 To let her hand assure her by a touch,  
 Of that which she to know desir'd so much.

Q

Yet

446.

Yet at the last fortune did things disclose,  
 And gave contentment to her longing minde,  
 For in the pocket of the pages hose  
 Putting her hand, she did a letter finde,  
 Which all the clew of error did unwind,  
 Written by *Mellefant* to *Leoline*,  
 In case that she should faile of her designe.

447.

The letter specify'd her sex and name,  
 And whole scope of her amorous intent,  
 Laying on *Leoline* a gentle blame,  
 That he unkindely from Eblana went :  
 It specify'd to follow him she meant,  
 And to Carnarvan castle she would goe,  
 To meet with *Leoline* her deere lov'd foe.

448.

The Empresse of the warry wildernesse  
 Reading the lines, was straight with pittie mov'd,  
 Compassionating *Mellefant's* distresse,  
 The rather for that she her-selſe had lov'd,  
 Now the third day since *Mellefant* behov'd  
 To be in Britaine, a way was prepar'd  
 For her transport, which then shall be declar'd.

449.

For wee must speake of *Sydanis* her wrongs,  
 Of her sad prison, and her glad release,  
 Which to the Druide *Moroghs* part belongs,  
 Who to attend her fortunes ne're did cease,  
 But after troubles would procure her ease,  
 Of which the manner briefly to relate :  
 Much wonder in the hearers will create.

There

450.

There's nothing truer than that sapience  
Of wise and knowing men, prevails o're fate,  
Ruling the starres, and each intelligence,  
O're which their wisdoms do predominate;  
They can advance good fortune, ill abate:  
And if that in the heavens they can do so,  
They can do much more here on earth below.

451.

As soone as *Phæbus* had behinde him shut  
The rubie leaves of heavens great Westerne gate,  
And to that day an evening period put,  
And now began it to be darke and late,  
As *Morogh* in his lonely cabin fate,  
He put in act a course, that should be sure  
Faile *Sydanis* enlargement to procure.

452.

For by his learning understanding all  
The languages that foules and ravens speake,  
He to him did an antient Raven call,  
Commanding her, that she her flight should take,  
And to Carleons walls all speed should make,  
Unto the limbs of one late quartered,  
On which the day before the bird had fed.

453.

Adding withall this strict injunction,  
That instantly, ere any man it wist,  
She should bring backe to him a dead mans bone,  
The which that she should picke out of his wrist.  
The raven of her message nothing mist,  
But suddenly she fled, and unsuspected,  
The great Magicians will she straight effected.

Q 2

Theeves

454.

Theeves say, that he that shall about him beare  
 This bone, and meines by night mens goods to take,  
 All that are sleeping ( the while he is there  
 Stealing and breaking the house ) shall not wake,  
 For any noise that ever he shall make :  
 But shall so soundly sleep, as that he may  
 Securely rob, and unknowne passe away.

455.

Unto this bone the Druide he did adde  
 A shining grasse, that growes among the rockes,  
 Which a strange kinde of secret vertue had,  
 For it would straight undo all bolts and locks :  
 The blacksmiths skill in shoeing it so mocks,  
 That if a horse but touch it with his shoes,  
 Though ne're so well set on, he doth them loose,

456.

Strange tales there are which History affords;  
 Of bones, and Stones, of Herbs, and Mineralls,  
 The knowledge of whom hath bin found by Birds,  
 Beasts, Insects, and by other Aministrals :  
 Witnesse the Stone *Albertus magnus* calls  
*Aldorius*, the vertues of which stone,  
 But for the eggs of Crowes had not beene knowne.

457.

For if one take Crowes eggs out of the nest,  
 And boyle them in hot water 'till they bee  
 Stone hard, the old Crow never will take rest,  
 Untill the stone *Aldorius* she see,  
 Which she brings backe with her unto the tree  
 Where her nest was, which a while having laine  
 Upon the eggs, it turnes them reare againe.



458.

Rare secrets are in nature, which wee'l passe,  
As to this matter little pertinent :  
The dead-mans wrist bone, and the shining grasse,  
From *Morrogh* to faire *Sydanis* were sent,  
And of their natures an advertisement,  
Which on a Beeches rinde, as on a note,  
With a sharpe pointed steele the Druide wrote :

459.

Advising her, that she without delay,  
Through the darke shade of that approaching night,  
From her confinement straight would hye away,  
And come to him before the morrowes light,  
And that she should not feare for any sight  
She should behold, nor should not be dismay'd,  
For she to him should safely be convey'd.

460.

Having inclos'd within the Beeches barke  
The bone, and grasse, he in the ravens eare  
Whisper'd some words, who flying through the dark,  
With wings that blacker than nights darkenesse were,  
E're threescore minutes past she was come there,  
Where *Sydanis* ( though it were very late )  
Lamenting, in her chamber window fate.

461.

Where suddenly the window being ope,  
The Raven entred in without controule,  
And into *Sydanis* her lap did drop  
The things inclos'd within the Beechin Scrole :  
Thus she, who still was held an ominous foule,  
And fatall her presage in every thing,  
Yet news of joy to *Sydanis* doth bring.

Q 3

Who

462.

Who having read the writing, out she goes,  
 Intending to take shipping at the kay :  
 But fate of her did otherwise dispose,  
 For she must be convey'd another way :  
 For at the gate Nights fable coach did stay,  
 Which by the Druide had directed bin,  
 As she came out of doors to take her in.

463.

This chario by foure blacke steeds was drawne,  
 First Nictus burn'd with *Pluto's* pitchy marke ;  
 Then blacke Alastor with his snaky mayne,  
 With *Metheos*, *Phobos*, who do love the darke :  
 Which foure at singing of the earely Larke,  
 Vanish away, and under ground are gone,  
 Drenching their sooty heads in Acheron.

464.

Thus *Sydanis* in Nights blacke Coach being set,  
 Before *Fortuna Major* did arise,  
 Show'd like Loves Queene upon a throne of Jet,  
 Who suddenly was hurried through the skies,  
 And all the residue of that night lies  
 In *Moroghs* Cave, untill the dawning East  
 Disclosed faire *Aurora's* rosie brest.

465.

Who risen from her Safron colour'd bed,  
 Perfum'd with Indian Spices where she lay,  
 And *Phæbus* lifting up his golden head,  
 Lights universall Banner did display ;  
 In glorious Robes himselfe he doth array,  
 And every cloud he farre away doth chace  
 From the bright Front of heavens cleare shining face.

For

466.

For now as he the mountaine tops did guild  
With burnisht Ore of heavens coelestiall Mine,  
The Kings two Armies came into the field,  
Led by *Androgios* and by *Leoline* ;  
Who like the starres of *Gemini* did shine :  
Brave twins of Honour, for who them beheld,  
Could not affirme which of the two excell'd.

467.

In mid'st of their maine Battels the two Kings,  
As in their safest fortresss, were plac't :  
Great Dukes and Colonells did leade the wings,  
Who with their severall commands were grac't .  
Now as the Princes did to combate hast,  
A wondrous thing appear'd to all the host,  
Which all their warlike resolution crost ;

468.

For high in skies there instantly appears  
A chariot, which eight white Swans as they flew,  
Yoked in golden chaines and Silken geares,  
Soaring an easie pace after them drew :  
But who was in the chariot no man knew,  
For that an ayery and bright shining cloud  
The party carryed, from their sight did shroud.

469.

By flourey colours which the Swans did beare  
About their necks, where Emonies were blended  
With Myrtills, and with Pinks entwined were :  
Some thought that *Venus* was againe descended,  
As when her sonne *Aeneas* she defended  
From furious *Turnus*, and as then she did,  
*Androgios* in a cloud should so be hid,

But

470.

But it was otherwise, this clouded Coach  
Was sent by the faire Princeſſe of the Night,  
With a command, that when it did approach  
The place where the two Princes were to fight,  
The Swans upon the ground ſhould downe alight,  
The winged teeme accordingly did doot,  
And ſet the Coach at Prince *Androgio's* foot.

471.

The cloud then vaniſhing away that kept  
The faire and long'd-for object from the eie,  
Bright *Mellefant* appear'd, who long had ſlept,  
As in a trance now wak't immediatly,  
Whoſe beauty when *Androgios* did deſcry,  
He gave command, that 'till that he had fought,  
She unto royall *Dermot* ſhould be brought.

472.

All this did brave prince *Leoline* behold,  
And all the Army (it was done ſo nigh)  
Who eſtſoones to his Sire King *Arnon* told,  
That there was come an Enchantres from the ſkie:  
But all enchantments he did then deſie,  
As things ridiculous, which he did not feare,  
And forthwith he prepar'd to couch his ſpeare.

473.

Now as theſe valiant Princes had begun  
To couch their Launces, and put them in reſt,  
And each at other fiercely for to run,  
Aiming the points at one anothers breſt,  
Prince *Leolines* couragious noble beaſt  
Began to tramble, and to ſnort, and prance,  
But one foot forward he would not advance.

474.

The Prince enrag'd with anger and disdain,  
Did strike into his sides his spurres of Steele,  
And still he urg'd him on, but all in vaine,  
For that for all the strokes that he did feele  
From the brave noble Princes spritely heele,  
He went not on, but rather backward made,  
As if that he had bin a restiffe Jade.

475.

Which now did wake Prince *Leoline* conceive,  
He had indeed with some enchantment met :  
*Morogh* the Druide he did not perceive,  
Nor *Sydanis*, who both their hands had set  
Upon the bridle, and the horse did let,  
For Ferne seed got upon *S. Iohn* his night,  
Made them invisible to all mens sight.

476.

But when the Ferne seed they had cast away,  
And *Leoline* his *Sydanis* did see,  
He from his Steed alights without delay,  
And with such joy as may not utter'd bee,  
Embracing, kisses her soft lips, and she  
That had no other Magicke, but loves charmes,  
Circled his necke with her soft Ivory armes.

477.

With *Leoline* she to King *Arnon* goes,  
Whose almost infinite astonishment  
May not be told ; now *Sydanis* he knowes,  
Farre greater is his joy, and his content.  
The Druide is recall'd from banishment,  
That he unto the King and Prince might tell  
The History of all things that befell.

478.

It beeing known how all things came about,  
 And how that both the Princesses were found,  
 Both armies rais'd a universall shout:  
 The Trumpets, Clarions flourishes do sound,  
 All hearts are now with high contentment crown'd,  
 The Heraulds with white flags of peace are seene,  
 And Civicke Garlands of Oakes leavy greene.

479.

For by this time the brave *Androgios* knew  
 His Princely mistresse *Mellefant* the faire,  
 For joy whereof his armes away he threw,  
 And with deportement most debonair  
 Salureth old King *Dermots* beauteous heir:  
 Intending at Carleon with all state,  
 His Hymeneall rites to celebrate.

480.

Whereas two Kings, two Princes, and their Brides,  
 And old Duke *Leon*, had an enterview:  
 There now was full contentment on all sides,  
 Which fortune seemed dayly to renew,  
 And by the Druides telling greater grew:  
 Of all the great adventures that had past,  
 And *Mersoneth* in the Dungeon cast.

481.

Who albeit that she long dead was thought,  
 And in the Dungeon starv'd for want of food,  
 Yet to Duke *Leon* she againe was brought,  
 From whom he divers stories understood,  
 And now in fine all sorted unto good:  
 Whose wonderfull relations serve in Wales  
 To passe away long nights in winters Tales.

482.

And lastly for to consummate all joy,  
E're *Phæbe* nine times had renew'd her light,  
Faire *Sydanis* brought forth a Prince, a boy  
Heavens choycest darling, and mankind's delight :  
Of whose exploits some happier pen may write,  
And may relate strange things to be admir'd :  
For here my fainting pen is well neere tir'd,

---

*FINIS.*

---

[illegible]

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# CYNTHIADES:

OR,

Amorous Sonets:

Addressed to the honour of his Mistresse, under  
the name of CYNTHIA.

---

*On her faire Eyes.*

**L**Ooke not upon me with those lovel Eyes,  
From whom there flies  
So many a dart  
To wound a heart,  
That still in vaine to thee for mercy cries,  
Yet dies, whether thou grantest, or denies.

Of thy coy lookes, know, I do not complaine,  
Nor of disdain:  
Those, sudden, like  
The lightning strike,  
And kill me without any lingring paine,  
And slaine so once, I cannot dy againe.

R 3

But

But O, thy sweet looks from my eyes conceale,  
 Which so oft steale  
 My soule from me,  
 And bring to thee  
 A wounded heart, which though it do reveale  
 The hurts thou giv'st it, yet thou canst not heale.

Upon those sweets I suffer still, yet I  
 Wretch cannot dy,  
 But am reviv'd,  
 And made long liv'd  
 By often dying, since thy gracious eye,  
 Like heaven, makes not a death, but extasie.

Then in the heaven of that beauteous face,  
 Since thou dost place  
 A Martyrd heart,  
 Whose blisse thou art,  
 Since thou hast ta'en the soule, this favour do,  
 Into thy bosome take the body to.

---

TO CYNTHIA,

*On a Mistresse for his Rivals.*

CAN I not have a Mistresse of my owne,  
 But that as soone as ever it is knowne  
 That she is mine, both he, and he, and he  
 Will court my Cynthia, and my Rivals be:

The cause of this is easily understood,  
It is because (my *Cynthia*) thou art good,  
And they desire, cause thou art good, and woman,  
To make thee better, by making thee common.  
Well, I do thanke them : but since thou canst be  
No subject fit for this their charity,  
As being too narrow and too small a bit  
To feed so many mouths, know I will fit  
Their palates with a mistresse, which I'le get,  
The like whereof was never seene as yet :  
For I for their sakes will a mistresse choose,  
As never had a mayden-head to loose,  
Or if she had, it was so timely gone,  
She never could remember she had one.  
She by antiquity, and her vile face  
Of all whores els and bawds shall have the place ;  
One whose all parts, her nose, eyes, foot, and hand,  
Shall so farre out of all proportion stand,  
As it by Symmetry shall nor be guest,  
By any one, the feature of the rest.  
She shall have such a face, I do intend,  
As painting, nor yet carving, shall not mend:  
**A Bare** anotomiz'd unburied coarse  
Shall not more ghastly looke, nor yet stinke worse :  
For at the generall resurrection  
She shall lay claime to hell as to her owne  
Inheritance and fee, for it is meant,  
She comes not there by purchase, but descent :  
One whose sins were they to be reckoned  
By number of the haire upon her head,  
There were but two to answer for at most,

One being the sinne against the holy Ghost.  
And if a Physiognomer should eie,  
And judge by rules of Metaposcopie,  
Of vices and conditions of her minde,  
He, as a face hid with the small pox should finde  
As there one ulcer, so, but one vice there,  
Spreading the whole, and that is every where :  
Yet shall she have so many vices sow'd  
In every limme, as paines shall be bestow'd  
By Scholars and Logitians, to invent  
A larger, and a wider predicament,  
To comprehend her Cardinall vices all,  
Which under no one Norion can fall.  
Her shape shall be like th'earth, so round and rude,  
As the beginning of her longitude  
To finde, and to set downe, men shall be faine  
T'importune the Popes judgement once againe :  
Her cheekes and buttocks shall so neere agree  
In shape and semblance, they shall seeme to bee  
Twins by their likenesse, nor shall it be eath  
To know, which is which by their fullsome breath  
When Palmisters, or Gypies shall but looke  
Upon her palme, they'll thinke they have mistooke,  
And say they see some Cripples wither'd hand,  
Or Mummy, stolne from Egypts parched land,  
And lastly, when she dyes, If some device  
Make her not durt, her dust being turn'd to lice,  
Shall make graves louzy, and dead bodies, which  
Lie neere her, to be troubled with the Irch,  
Which shall exceed the Lice in Egypt bred,  
Which onely plagu'd the living, these the dead.

She shall be rottener than last Autumnes peares,  
And more contagious than two plaguy yeares.  
The Colledge of Physitians shall not  
Gainst her infection make an Antidote.  
This Mistresse will I have, rather than one  
Whom I may not enjoy my selfe alone :  
And such a one I'll hate as faithfully,  
As (dearest *Cynthia*) I have loved thee.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On her being an Incendiary.*

SAY (sweetest) whether thou didst use me well,  
If when in my hearts house I let thee dwell  
A welcome Inmate, and did not require  
More than a kisse a day, for rent or hire :  
Thou wert not onely pleas'd to stop the rent,  
But most ungratefull, burnt the Tenement :  
Henceforth it will ensue, that thou didst carry  
The branded name of an Incendiary :  
No heart will harbour thee, and thou, like poore  
As I, may'st lodging beg from doore to doore.  
If it be so, my ready course will be  
To get a Licence, and re-edifie  
My wasted heart. If *Cupid* shall inquire,  
By what mishap my heart was set on fire ;  
I'll say, my happy fortune was to get  
Thy beauties crop, which being greene and wet  
With shores of teares, I did to hasty in,  
Before that throughly withered it had bin :

So hearing in the mowe it soone became  
 At first a smoke, and afterwards a flame :  
 At this Loves little King will much admire,  
 How cold and wet cojoyn'd can cause a fire  
 Having no heat themselves, but I do know  
 What he will say, for he will bid me go,  
 And build my heart of stone ; so shall I bee  
 Safe from the lightning of thine eies, and thee,  
 The cold, and hardnesse of stone hearts, best serving  
 For coy greene beauties, and them best preserving,  
 Yet here is danger ; for if thou be in't  
 My heart to stone, and thine harder then flint,  
 Knocking together may strike fire, and set  
 Much more on fire, then hath bin burned yet  
 If so it hap, then let those flames calcine  
 My heart to Cinders, so it soften thine :  
 A heart, which untill then doth serve the turne  
 To enflame others, but it selfe not burne.

---

### TO CYNTHIA.

*On concealment of her beauty.*

DO not conceale thy radiant eyes,  
 The starre-light of serenest skies,  
 Least wanting of their heavenly light,  
 They turne to *Chaos* endlesse night.  
 Do not conceale those tresses faire,  
 The silken snares of thy curl'd haire,

Least

Least finding neither gold, nor Ore,  
The curious Silke-worme worke no more.

Do not conceale those breasts of thine,  
More snowe white, then the Apenine,  
Least if there be like cold or frost,  
The Lilly be for ever lost.

Do not conceale that fragrant scent,  
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent  
Perfumes, least it being supprest,  
No spices growe in all the East.

Do not conceale thy heavenly voice,  
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoyce,  
Least Musicke hearing no such thing,  
The Nightingale forget to sing.

Do not conceale, nor yet eclipse  
Thy pearly teeth with Corral lips,  
Least that the Seas cease to bring forth  
Gems, which from thee have all their worth.

Do not conceale no beauty grace,  
That's either in thy minde or face,  
Least vertue overcome by vice,  
Make men beleeve no Paradiſe.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On her Embraces.*

IF thou a reason dost desire to know,  
My ( dearest *Cynthia* ) why I love thee so,  
As when I do enjoy all the loves store,  
I am not yet content, but seeke for more ;  
When we do kisse so often as the tale  
Of kisses doth out-vie the winters haile :  
When I do print them on more close and sweet  
Than shels of Scalops, Cockles when they meet,  
Yet am not satisfied : when I do close  
Thee nerer to me then the Ivy growes  
Unto the Oke : when those white armes of thine  
Clip me more close than doth the Elme the Vine :  
When naked both, thou seemest not to bee  
Contiguous, but continuous parts of mee ;  
And wee in bodies are together brought  
Someere, our soules may know each others thought  
Without a whisper : yet I do aspire  
To come more close to thee, and to be nigher :  
Know, 'twas well say'd, that spirits are too high  
For bodies, when they meet to satisfie ;  
Our soules having like formes of light and sence,  
Proceeding from the same intelligence,  
Desire to mixe like to two water drops,  
Whose union some little hindrance stops,  
Which meeting both together would be one.  
Fro in the Steele, and in the Adamant stone,



One and the same Magneticke soule is cause,  
That with such unseene chaines each other drawes :  
So our soules now divided, brook't not well,  
That beeing one, they should asunder dwell.  
Then let me die, that so my soule beeing free,  
May joyne with that her other halfe in thee,  
For when in thy pure selfe it shall abide,  
It shall assume a body glorified,  
Beeing in that high blisse ; nor shall we twaine  
Or wish to meet, or feare to part againe.

To CYNTHIA.

*On a Kisse.*

BEeing thy servant *Cynthia*, 'tis my duty  
To make thy name as glorious as thy beauty.  
Of which things may bewrit farre more and high,  
Then are of Starrs in all Astronomic,  
Nay naturall Philosophy, that containes  
Each thing that in the Universe remaines ;  
Nor more, nor such materials affords,  
Could we for the expresseion finde but words.  
But surely of thy kindenesse I'me afraid,  
Or bounty very little can be say'd :  
A page in *Decimosexto* will suffice  
For them, which if one should Epitomise  
Like an Arithmetitian, that hath wrought,  
And hath a unite to a cipher brought,

He certainly no other thing should do  
Then cleave a Geometricall point in two.  
Thy bounty on a halfe peny may be set,  
And they that serve thee, sure do nothing get :  
For when thy faithfull servants wages is,  
No more from thee then quarterly a kisse,  
Penurious thou unjustly dost detaine  
His Salarie so long, that he is faine,  
( Because thou dost thy lips so strictly keep )  
To take it from thee when thou art asleep :  
And if that thou art waking by some slight  
Or stratagem he must come by his right :  
There is no justice, where there's no way left  
To get our owne, but violence, or theft :  
And therefore *Cynthia*, as a Turquois bought,  
Or stolne, or found, is vertules, and nought.  
It must be freely given by a friend,  
Whose love and bounty doth such vertue lend,  
As makes it to compassionate, and tell  
By looking pale, the wearer is not well.  
So one kisse given shall content me more,  
Then if that I had taken halfe a score :  
Thy Rubie lips like Turquoises, ne're shall  
By giving kisses waxe, or dry, or pale.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On seeing and touching.*

Wert thou as kinde as thou art faire,  
All men might have a part,  
And breath thee freely as the ayre :  
For (*Cynthia*) thou art  
In the superlative degree,  
More beauteous then the light.  
And as the Sun art made to be  
An object for the sight.

But since thou hast some sweets unknowne,  
Ordained for the touch,  
Particular for me alone,  
Then favour me thus much ;  
When to my touch thou dost allow  
Thy cheeks, thy lips, thy brest,  
Thy noblest parts : then do not thou  
Exclude me from the rest.

---

TO CYNTHIA.*On her looking glasse.*

**G**Ive me leave (*fairest Cynthia*) to envy  
Thy looking glasse farre happyer then I,

To

To which thy naked beauties every morne  
Thou shewest so freely, while thou dost adorne  
Thy richer haire with gems, and neatly decke  
With orientall pearle thy whiter necke,  
Which take the species of thy naked brest,  
So white, I doubt if it can be exprest  
By the reflection of the purest glasse,  
Which Swans, Snowes, Cerusses doth to surpasse,  
As in comparison of it, these may  
Rather than white, be termed hoare, or gray :  
Besides, all whites but thine may take a spot,  
Thine, the first matter of all whites, cannot :  
May be thou trusts thy glasses secrecy  
With dainties, yet unseene by any eye :  
All these thy favours I will well allow  
Unto my rivall glasse ; but so, that thou  
Wilt not permit it justly to reflect  
Thy eye upon it selfe : I shall suspect,  
And jealous grow, that such reflex may move  
Thee ( faire *Narcissus* like ) to fall in love  
With thine owne beauties shadow : Loves sharpe dart  
Shot 'gainst a stone may bound, and wound thy heart :  
Which if it should, alas how sure were I  
To be past hope, and then past remedy.  
This to prevent, may'st thou when thou dost rise,  
Vouchsafe to dresse thy beauties in my eyes,  
If these shall be to small, may for thy sake,  
Hypocondriacke melancholy make  
My body all of glasse, all which shall bee  
So made, and so constellated by thee,  
That as in Christall Mirroirs many a spot  
Is by infection of a looke begot :

This

This glasse of thine if thou but frowne, shall flye  
In thousand shivers broken by thine eye:  
Since then it hath this sympathy with thee,  
Let me not languish in a jealousie,  
To thinke this wonder may be brought to passe,  
Thy faire lookes may inanimate thy glasse,  
And make it my competitor: 'tis all one  
To give life to a glasse, as make me stone.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On expressions of love.*

MUST I beleeve (sweet *Cynthia*) that the flame  
Hath light, and heat had I ne're felt the same?  
Must I beleeve the cold and hardest flint,  
Had I ne're known't had fiery sparckles in't?  
Must I beleeve the Load-stone e're did drawe  
The Steele, when such a thing I never saw?  
Must I turne Papist by implicit faith,  
To beleeve that, which thou, or woman faith?  
Thou sayest thou lov'st me, but thou dost not show  
Any, the smallest signe that it is so:  
All emanations of thy soule thou keep'st  
Retir'd within thy brest, as when thou sleep'st:  
True love is not a meere intelligence  
That's Metaphysicall, for every sence  
Must see and judge of it; I must avow,  
That sencelesse things are kinder farre then thou:

T

Thou:

Thou neither wilt embrace, nor kisse; thy hand  
 (Unlesse I kisse it) doth each touch withstand:  
 Learne therefore of the flame not to professe  
 Thou lov'st, unlesse thou love in act expresse:  
 Learne of the flint which beeing once calcin'd,  
 Becomes a white soft Cement, that will binde:  
 Learne of the Load-stone, let it teach thy heart  
 Not onely to draw lovers, but impart  
 Thy favours to them, let thy servants feele  
 Thy love, who are more senceible then Steele.

---

TO CYNTHIA.

When I behold the heaven of thy face,  
 And see how every beauty, every grace  
 Move, and are there  
 As in their Sphere,  
 What need have I (my *Cynthia*) to conferre  
 With any Chalde, or Astrologer:  
 Since in the Scheme of thy faire face I see  
 All the Aspects of my nativity.

For if at any time thou should'st cast downe  
 From thy serenest brow an angry frowne,  
 Or should'st reflect  
 That dire aspect  
 Of opposition, or of enmity,  
 That looke would sure be fatall unto me,  
 Unlesse faire *Venus* kinde succeeding ray,  
 Did much of the malignity allay.

Or if I should be so unfortunate  
To see a looke, though of imperfect hate,  
I am most sure  
That quadrature  
Would cast me in a quartan love-sicke fever,  
Of which I should recover late, if ever,  
Or into a consumption, so should I  
Perish at last, although not suddenly.

But when I see those starry Twins of thine,  
Behold me with a Sextile, or a Trine,  
And that they move  
In perfect love  
With amorous beams, they plainly do discover,  
My Horoscope markt me to be a lover :  
And that I onely should not have the honor  
To be borne under *Venus*, but upon her.

---

TO CYNTHIA.

*An Apologie.*

EXPECT not ( lovely *Cynthia* ) yet from me  
Lines like thy faire selfe, so cleere, so free  
From any blemish, for what now I write,  
Is like a picture done in a dim light,  
A night piece, for my soule is overcast,  
As is a Mirrour with a humid blast,  
Or breathing on it : and a misty cloud,  
Thy beauties brightnesse in a vaile doth shrowde.  
These lines of mine are onely to be read  
To make thee drouzy when thou go'st to bed,

For the long gloomy darke, and clouded skie ;  
That the Suns brightnesse to us dorth deny,  
Darkenesse all foules, and damps all humane sense,  
That to his light hath any reference,  
And quenches so those hot and amorous flames,  
That would have made the water of the Thames  
Burne like Canary-Sacke, more dull, and cold,  
Then wine at Court, which is both small, and old :  
Give me a little respite then to end  
That Romance, which to thy name I intend,  
Till Hampton Court, or Greenwich purer ayre,  
Produce lines like thy selfe, serene and faire :  
Meane time imagine that Newcastle coles,  
Which as ( Sir *Inigo* sayth ) have perisht Paules,  
And by the skill of Marquis would-be Iones,  
'Tis found the sinoakes salt did corrupt the stones :  
Thinke thou I am in London where I have  
No intermission, but to bee a slave  
To other mens affaires more then my owne,  
And have no leasure for to bee alone :  
Yet ( dearest *Cynthia* ) thinke thus much of me,  
By night I do both thinke, and dreame of thee,  
And that which I shall write in thy high praise,  
Shall be the worke of faire, and Sun-shine dayes :  
Nor to describe thee will I take the paines,  
But in the houre when *love*, or *Venus* raignes.



## TO CYNTHIA.

**L**Earn'd Lapidaries say the Diamond  
Bred in the mines and mountaines of the East,  
Mixt with heapes of gold-or is often found,  
In the halfe-birds-halfe-beasts, the Griphons nest,  
Is first pure water easie to be prest,  
Then ice, then chrystall, which great length of time  
Doth to the hardest of all stones sublime.

I thinke they say the truth, for it may be,  
And what they of the Diamond have said,  
(My brightest *Cynthia*) may be prov'd by thee,  
Who having liv'd so long, so chaste a maid,  
Thy heart with any Diamond being weigh'd,  
Is harder found, and colder than that stone,  
Thy first yeares Virgin-softnesse being gone.

For now it is become impenetrable,  
And he that will, or forme, or cut it, must  
(If he to purchase such a Gem be able)  
Use a proportion of thy pretious dust,  
Although the valuation be unjust:  
That paines which men to pierce it must bestow,  
Will equall dear in price unto it grow.

But thou, it may be, wilt make this profession,  
That Diamonds are softned with Goats blood,  
And mollifi'd by it will take impressiion,  
This of slain Lovers must be understood,

But trust me, dearest *Cynthia*, 'tis not good,  
 Thy beauties so should Lovers mindes perplex,  
 As make them thinke thee Angel without sex.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On his being one with her.*

**W**Hen pure refined Gold is made in Coine,  
 And Silver is put to't as the allay,  
 Unlesse they both do melt, they will not joyne,  
 There being to mixe them both no other way ;  
 So barres of iron in like kinde will not  
 Be piec'd together, nor be made in one,  
 Unlesse they both be made alike red hot :  
 Then joyne they as they had together growne.  
 By this I finde, there is no hope for me,  
 Ever to be united as a part  
 Of thy sweet selfe, or to be mixt with thee :  
 Brest joyn'd to brest, and heart commix'd with heart,  
 For that thy hard congeal'd and snow white brest  
 Cold as the North, that sends forth frosty weather,  
 And mine with flames of love warme as the West,  
 Will ne're admit that wee should ly together :  
 Unlesse my teares like showres of April raine,  
 Do thaw thy Ice to water backe againe :  
 Or else unlesse my naked breasts being laid  
 On thine, and alike cold, it may be said,  
 Of both our bosomes being joyned so,  
 That Alabaster frozen was in snow ;

That

That so what heat together could not hold,  
Should be combin'd, and made one by the cold.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On Sugar and her sweetnesse.*

THose (*Cynthia*) that do taste the honey-dew,  
Of thy moist rosie lips, (who are but few)  
Or sucke the vapour of thy breath more sweet  
Than Honisuckles juyce, they all agree't,  
To be *Mederaes* Sugars quintessence,  
Or some diviner sirtop brought from thence,  
And for the operation, they beleewe,  
It hath a quality provocative:  
For *Venus* in the Sugars propagation  
Is said to have a soveraigne domination:  
But I must not thinke so, for I have read,  
Of an extracted Sugar out of Lead,  
Of which I once did taste, which Chymists call,  
Sugar of *Saturne*, for they therewithall  
Cure all venereall heates, for it doth hold  
A winter in it like that Planets cold,  
And thought't be strangely sweet, yet doth it quench  
All courage towards a Mistris or a wench:  
Such must I thinke thy sweetnesse for to be,  
By that experience that is found in me:  
For he that shall those sweets of thine but taste,  
Shall like thy selfe become, as cold, as chaste:

For

For like the Mildew new fallen from the skie,  
Though dropt from Heaven, yet doth it mortifie.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On her coynesse.*

W<sup>H</sup>at sweetnesse is in fruits, in Nectarine,  
Peach, cherry, apricocke, those lips of thine,  
*Cynthia* expresse: what colors grace the rose,  
The Jessamine, the lilly, pinke, all those,  
Whether it be in colours, or in smells,  
Are emblems of thy body, which excels  
All flowers in purity, but can we finde  
A flower, or herbe an emblem of thy minde?  
Yes the coy shame-fac'd plant Pudefetan,  
Which is endu'd with sense, for if a man  
Come near the female, and his finger put  
Upon her leafe, she instantly will shut  
Close all her branches, as she did disdain  
The handling of a man, and spread again  
Her leaves abroad, when as a man is gone,  
And she is in her earthy bed alone:  
This Indian plant a man may well suppose,  
Within the garden of thy bosome growes,  
Which though it be invisible hath such  
A property, to make thee flie my touch:  
And sure the plant hath such a sympathy,  
As that it will not close her leaves to thee;

And

And if thou comm'it, her selfe she will not hide,  
But will (more nicethan she) thy touch abide.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On a short visit.*

GIVING thee once a visit of respect,  
Because I some affaires could not neglect,  
Which much concern'd me, brooking no delay,  
I onely kist thine hand, and went away :  
How aptly *Cynthia* didst thou then inquire,  
Whether I came to thee but to fetch fire :  
It was too true, for yet I never came  
To visit thee, bur I did fetch a flame,  
Religious fire, which kindled by thine eyes,  
Still made my heart thy beauties sacrifice ;  
But though I like *Prometheus* never stole  
Cœlestiall fire to give a living soul  
To any earthen statue, stone, yet he  
More mercy findes from *love*, than I from thee :  
Though he to *Caucasus* be bound for ever,  
A ravenous vulture tyring on his liver,  
His pain is not augmented, but the same,  
But mine like *Vestaes* never-dying flame,  
Although to burne my heart it never cease,  
Like oyl of gold yet it doth still increase  
An everlasting lampe, for fires that come  
From heaven still do burne, but not consume,

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On verses on her.*

**T**Here is no sense, that I should write a line  
 On such a beauty (*Cynthia*) as thine;  
 I am no Poet, and it is in vain,  
 Since thou exceed'st all worth, to strive to faine:  
 On my poor lines the Thespian well ne're dropt,  
 From me the fount of Helicon is stop't:  
 I ne're was so ill bred as to invoke  
*Apollo*, and to sacrifice with smoke  
 Of coales, or billets, nor yet am I able,  
 In the west-end of *Cardinall Wolsey's* stable,  
 To keep a Pegasus, a horse that might  
 Advance my muse by his swift nimble flight:  
 Yet like a man oppress'd with grief and cares,  
 Law-suits, and troubles, so with me it fares:  
 If he but take a lusty joviall drinke,  
 Forgets all sorrowes, so if I but thinke  
 On thee, or thy chaste beauty, then my chear  
 Is chang'd, no clouds do in my soul appear;  
 Thy rare divinest beauty so expels  
 With joyes the horror of ten thousand hel's.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On a parting kisse.*

SO would a soul, if that it did but know  
(Being form'd in heaven) how that it was to go  
To a darke wombe on earth from heavenly blisse,  
Regreer, as I do at our parting kisse;  
For when I part from thee, though the delight  
Of the kisse is a Sun-beam before night;  
Yet I much better should endure the pain,  
Were I but sure that we should kisse again;  
But being uncertain, like a soul in fear,  
Whether it shall returne to the same Sphere,  
Or star, or house cœlestiall, whence it came:  
My *Cynthia*, Beauties queen, thou canst not blame  
My fear, nor my credulity in this,  
If I considering of our parting kisse,  
Shall straight affirme that on thy lip doth dwell  
At once a heavenly pleasure, and a hell;  
For in our kisse is blisse without dimension,  
And in our parting grief, beyond extension:  
O do me then the favour done to those,  
Die on the Blocke, to whom the headsmen shoves,  
Nor sword, nor axe, nor doth the Traitor know,  
When he will strike, untill he feel the blow:  
Use me then so, let's kisse so oft, so fast,  
I may not know, which kisse shall be my last.

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On his absence from her.*

Till now I doubted whether love, or sight  
Of thy dear beauties (*Cynthia*) did invite  
My hand to write, or did beget a line,  
That did expresse my heart was wholly thine:  
But now I am resolv'd, 'twas not thy face,  
Thy lovely shape, or any outward grace  
Mov'd me to write, for if that those had been  
The cause, they must have oftentimes been seen;  
Else my long absence, like a sponge would blot  
Those beauties, which not seen, would be forgot:  
But thy rare parts of minde, which I adore,  
Once seen, that's understood, they need no more;  
Or new, or frequent visits to repair  
My memory, or make thee a fresh fair:  
No absence from thee shall have the effect,  
As make me not to love, or not respect:  
Visits are needles, since they onely be  
Subjects of fooles discourse, or jealousie:  
Then thinke me like to those are us'd to talke  
When they are fast asleep, who rise and walke,  
As well as if they wak'd, do all things right,  
As if they us'd their eyes, or had a light:  
Even so will I turne dreamer, and desire  
Nor sight, nor light, but loves internall fire,  
So thou (although no object of my sense)  
Shalt be the subject of Loves innocence.



TO CYNTHIA.

*On his Love after death.*

Let Lovers that like honey flies  
After balme dropping showres  
Swarming in sun-shine of thine eyes,  
Kissing thy beauties flowres;  
    Beleeve that they do live, while they do taste  
    Of all those dainty sweetneses thou hast.

Let them beleeve while they do sip,  
Or while that they have suckt,  
The rosie Nectar of thy lip,  
Or from the rose unpluckt,  
    Of thy fair cheek, or of thy fragrant breast,  
    The Aromaticke odours of the East.

Let them beleeve, that they do live,  
So long as they are fed,  
Upon the honey thou dost give,  
Which wanting they are dead:  
    For if thou that Ambrosiall food deny,  
    Their loves like soules of beasts do with them die.

But (*Cynthia*) that nere ending love  
Wherewith I honour thee,  
To be immortall thus I prove,  
For though that absence be  
    A truer portraiture of death than sleep,  
    Nay a true death, for absent Lovers weep :

Yet like a long departed soul  
Thut hith a body lost,  
Hith yet a being to condole,  
So my love like a ghost,  
    Remaining followes thee, whose heaven thou art,  
Lives, though not in thine eyes, yet in my heart.

---

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On her changing.*

DEar *Cynthia*, though thou bear'st the name  
Of the pale Queen of night,  
Who changing yet is still the same  
Renewing still her light:  
Who monethly doth her selfe conceal,  
And her bright face doth hide,  
That she may to *Endymion* steal,  
And kisse him unespide.

Do not thou so, not being sure,  
When this thy beautie's gone,  
Thou such another canst procure,  
And wear it as thine owne,  
For the by-sliding silent houres,  
Conspiratours with grief,  
May crop thy beauties lovely flowres,  
Time being a flie thief.

Whic

Which with his wings will flie away,  
And will returne no more ;  
As having got so rich a prey,  
Nature cannot restore :  
Reserve thou then, and do not waste  
That beauty which is thine,  
Cherish those glories which thou hast,  
Let not grief make thee pine.

Think that the Lilly we behold,  
Or July-flower may  
Flourish, although the mother mold,  
That bred them be away.  
There is no cause, nor yet no fence,  
That dainty fruits should rot,  
Though the tree die, and wither, whence  
The Apricots were got.

---

## TO CYNTHIA.

*On her resemblance.*

FORgive me *Cynthia*, if (as Poets use,  
When they some divine Beauty would expresse)  
I Roses, Pinkes, or July-floures do chuse :  
It is a kinde of weaknesse I confesse,  
To praise the great'st perfection by a lesse :  
And is the same, as if one strove to paint  
The holinesse or vertues of a Saint.

Yet

Yet there is a necessity impos'd,  
For those bright Angels, which we vertues call  
Had not been knowne, had they not been inclos'd  
In pretious stones, or things diaphanall:  
The essences and formes cœlestiall,  
Had been conceal'd, had not the heavenly powers  
Been stamp'd, and printed on stones, trees, and flowers.

So thy divine pure soul, and every grace,  
And heavenly beauty it doth comprehend,  
Had not been seen, but for thy lovely face,  
Which with Angel-like features may contend,  
Which into flesh and blood did downe descend,  
That she her purest essence might disclose  
In it, as thy fair cheekes do in the Rose.

---

### TO CYNTHIA.

*On her mothers decease.*

**A**Pril is past, then do not shed,  
Nor do not waste in vain,  
Upon thy mothers earthy bed,  
Thy teares of silver rain.

Thou canst not hope that her cold earth,  
By watring will bring forth,  
A flower like thee, or will give birth,  
To one of the like worth.

'Tis true the rain falne from the sky,  
Or from the clouded air,  
Doth make the earth to fructifie,  
And makes the heaven more fair.

With thy dear face it is not so,  
Which if once overcast,  
If thou rain downe thy showres of wo,  
They like the Syrens blast.

Therefore when sorrow shall becloud,  
Thy fair serenest day,  
Weep not, my sighes shall be allow'd  
To chace the storme away.

Consider that the teeming Vine,  
If cut by chance do weep,  
Doth bear no grapes to make the wine,  
But feeles eternall sleep.

---

TO CYNTHIA.

**W**onder not *Cynthia*, thou who art  
Thy selfe a wonder, whose each part  
Kindles so many amorous flames,  
That Love wants numbers, Beauty names,  
If I that with so much respect,  
Honour, admire, love, and affect  
Thy graces, as no soul can more,  
Yet willing starve in midst of store,

X

When

When as by tying *Hymens* knot,  
All thy perfections may be got :  
And I to those high pleasures rais'd,  
As to enjoy all I have prais'd :  
Know *Cynthia*, that Loves purest fire,  
Burnes not in act, but in desire :  
Which while it lasts thou mayst be sure,  
My love unsatisfied is pure :  
Thou dost not know, if I enjoy'd  
Thy beauties, if I might be cloy'd :  
More, all the while I nought enjoy,  
I do not care if thou be coy :  
Nor, if that lying by my side,  
Thy virgin Cystern be untide :  
For *Cynthia* thou it true shalt prove,  
*Hymen* not makes, but seales our love.

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FINIS.

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*Imprimatur,*

THO. WYKES.

